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THE

RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

BY

Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER.

"Not his, the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and most sustains."
MONTGOMERY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.

TO

THE AUTHOR

OF

"*A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE TO THE LAKES;*"

TO HIM,

WHOSE MENTAL ENDOWMENTS,

GENERAL BENEVOLENCE,

AND INDIVIDUAL KINDNESS,

ENDEAR HIM TO A LARGE CIRCLE OF

GRATEFUL POOR,

AND

ADMIRING FRIENDS;

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE AND

OBLIGED SERVANT,

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

PREFACE.

THE following work has been written exactly five years since the composition of my "Don Sebastian:" I fear the experience of those years has visibly left its print upon the sentiments and the story.

In my former productions I was justly accused, by a public critic, of making my "characters too good, and my events too happy." Perhaps in "The Recluse of Norway" I may have fallen into an opposite extreme: and the Reader may conclude that the illusions of early life have given place to too gloomy a perception of painful realities.

I have to intreat, therefore, that whoever reads my work, will rather compare

other novel-writers. If I recollect aright, the dispute between Norway and Sweden was not then agitated; therefore, by ascertaining the date of my production, I place my sincerity beyond a doubt.

So large a list of Errata appears at the end of the first two volumes, that I hold it my duty to exculpate the printer from the charge of carelessness.

The proofs of these two volumes were not corrected by myself; and the friend to whom I deputed the troublesome task, had great difficulty in decyphering my handwriting, and very little time for the employment.

I therefore request the reader will pardon the numerous errors, and rectify them ere he begins the work.

Long-Ditton,
September 3d, 1814.

THE

RECLUSE OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE long line of coast which forms one boundary to the kingdom of Norway, is broken into shapes of picturesque wildness. In some parts, its black and perpendicular rocks present a gigantic wall that has defied the storms of ages; while in others, the ocean, penetrating far inland, forms interior seas, amongst forests tenanted by wild beasts alone, and mountains whose heads are covered with eternal snows.

In the government of Drontheim, the Fiords (for so these gulphs are called by the natives) frequently assume a character of

romantic beauty. They flow rapidly, but smoothly, through wooded steeps and fruitful vallies; they reflect on their clear surface the images of naval objects, and of pastoral life; they give food and occupation to an industrious peasantry; and, except when agitated by tempests, suggest to the imagination only ideas of fertility and peace.

Not so, in the savage district of Bergen: there, rushing impetuously through rocks as steep and unscaleable as those of the outward coast, the fiords carry with them the terrible magnificence of a main ocean. As the mountains advance or recede, as their precipices increase or diminish, each fiord displays more or less of the sublime. Sometimes their stormy waters thunder through a huge ravine, where crags are heaped upon crags, and perpetual night blackens the fathomless abyss; then suddenly widening their bed, they foam round a vast amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, mingling their roar with the noise of waterfalls, the scream of eagles, and the crash of breaking cliffs.

Here and there along the shore, the traveller may behold solitary habitations built on ledges of rock, roofed with the bark of trees, and accessible only by means of long ladders, which iron bolts fasten to the solid ground. Such habitations are the abode of fishermen, and persons appointed for the expedition of the post. On the mountains, in little huts covered with moss, and surrounded by sheep, goats, and kine, dwell the herdsmen. But the hamlets of the wealthier husbandmen are embosomed in long sheltered vallies, which form openings around the fiords, and running far inward, are lost at last in nameless solitudes.

Each hamlet has its little church; and a single pastor, charged with the spiritual instruction of several parishes, journeys to them alternately. Crossing tempestuous floods, and trackless mountains; risking his life daily; exposed to cold and to hunger, to storms and to beasts of prey;—he does all this, like an apostle of old, for the love of God, and the salvation of his flock.

Should the wind blow suddenly through one of the mountain vallies, woe to his lonely bark as it toils across the fiord! Whirling on the convulsed water, the pious man may look in vain for some spot of earth on which he can hope to escape from utter wreck; a fathomless gulph is below, a colossal rampart above: the awful hand of nature herself seems to repulse him from her. Who shall say in what region virtue and happiness delight to dwell? for it is here, amidst sterility and storms, enterprize and peril, that their sacred footsteps are to be traced.

The Norwegians who inhabit the shores of these inland seas, and who are in consequence remote from the corrupting influence of the outward coast, are an amiable and manly people. They live in the exercise of every benevolent duty; they cultivate every spot of ground that is capable of culture; and they value each possession in proportion to the toil and danger it has cost them.

Thus, where nature would have frowned, man's industry wins her into smiles; and

perhaps there is something peculiarly delightful to the human heart, in this contrast of rugged scenery with benevolent manners.

About the year 1690, at the extremity of one of the vallies bordering a remote branch of the Sogne-fiord, stood a low, stone cottage. It was distant from any habitation except a saw-mill, which, placed on the steep and wooded bank of a romantic little stream further down the valley, had long formed a picturesque and cheerful object. From the ivied windows of the stone cottage, the eye passed over a pretty garden to this saw-mill, with its hanging trees, and dashing water; thence ascending towards the source of the river, traced its progress from solitudes, where Alps rose on Alps, and closed the scene. But alas! even these simple attractions were no more to interest the accidental traveller! The saw-mill ceased to be worked, the garden became overgrown with weeds, and the dwelling stood empty. The last owner had died, leaving the cottage, the mill, and the

ground on which they stood, to a distant relation.

Nothing had been heard of this person for many years; but, after diligent search, he was at length discovered living in extreme penury in one of the French West India islands. Having served as mate on board a Danish trading vessel that occasionally touched there, he had formed an attachment with a French girl, married her, gradually changed his religion for her's, and finally quitted his perilous profession. Engaged in a land-trade of which he knew nothing, even industry and honesty failed of success. His wife brought him a numerous, sickly offspring, (of whom none but the youngest ever reached maturity,) and died herself of a decline, after having passed fifteen years with him in humble, but the truest nuptial peace. Having lost the object whose affection had bound him to her birth-place, Dofrestom was beginning to groan for his native land, when the unexpected legacy of his cousin removed him at once

from poverty and exile, to home and comfort. No ships being ready to sail for a northern port, he took his passage in a vessel bound for Bayonne; certain that from most parts of the French or Spanish coasts he must be sure of a passage to Norway.

In the list of passengers were a noble Spaniard, his wife, and their little son. The Spaniard was a young man of a dignified and interesting appearance; his wife, graceful and gracious. Though their air and conduct bespoke them to be of high rank, they had few attendants; and they exacted no particular respect from their fellow-passengers.

The ship thus freighted, was wrecked in the bay of Biscay, and amongst the few persons saved, were Dofrestom, his son, and the little Spaniard.

Through the roar of the storm, Dofrestom had heard the cry of the frantic mother, calling on her husband to release her from his arms, as he was trying to lower her into the boat — calling on him to

to save their Theodore. "He is safe; he is with me!" cried Dofrestom; and as he spoke, he held up the trembling boy from the boat, into which he had leaped with him and his own son. A prayer and a blessing were the last words he heard the unhappy lady utter; for the next moment she was washed out of her husband's arms. Perhaps, in the wild hope of saving her, the distracted husband plunged into the sea; but it was only to perish: the same wave engulphed them both.

The boat, though crowded with people, weathered the storm, and reached the French shore. Shortly afterwards, procuring a passage in another ship bound for Bergen, Dofrestom set sail again, and having gained the well-known port, proceeded, without loss of time, to his new dwelling.

No sooner was he in possession of the Stone Cottage, than every object around it assumed an air of comfort. The garden was cleared from weeds; the juniper-trees that fenced it were repaired; a cow and

some sheep were seen grazing in the pastures, and the saw-mill again resounded with the voice of cheerful labour. The only near relation whom Dofrestom found living, was a maiden sister; — she became the mistress of his little houshold.

By her hands the oaken tables and ebony benches, in his parlour, were kept as bright as glass; pots of flowers were placed in every window; and the best chamber was hung round with warm garments of her own spinning. After sunset, the supper she prepared of okerbergs and cream, or of trout brought from an adjacent lake, was always served on linen whiter than snow, and seasoned by her alacrity and good-humour.

Dofrestom's house soon grew into distinction for the hospitality, neatness, and cheerfulness that were to be found there. The nearest hamlet was three miles off; but whenever any of its simple inhabitants proposed a holiday for themselves, or a treat to the stranger, whom business or

curiosity brought to Aardal, they never failed directing their steps to the Stone Cottage.

A smiling welcome, wholesome fare, with many a wondrous tale of foreign lands, were all that Dofrestom had to give, but he gave them freely. His excellent heart had preserved much of its early simplicity, and at the sports of the children, or the pointless jokes of his neighbours, he could still laugh as merrily as themselves.

To this amiable companionableness he added much plain sense and sympathy. The first exalted him into the arbiter of his neighbours' disputes; and the latter made him alike the comforter of their sorrows, and the heightener of their joys. In short, Dofrestom and his sister Catherine were universally beloved and respected. Completely settled, and satisfied with the future prospect of his own son, he began to turn his thoughts toward the hapless orphan whom Providence had committed to his care. Gentle, timid, and tender; the

sweet child had already twined himself round the heart of the worthy Dofrestom. For a long time little Theodore remembered his father and his mother distinctly; and in the midst of endearing prattle, as he hung upon the neck of Catherine, would ask where they were, and when he might go to them.

Although he spoke often of their shipwreck, and that with strong emotions, he had no clear idea of their fate; and Catherine reluctantly undertook the task of gradually impressing him with the conviction that they were no more, and that he must consider herself and Dofrestom in the light of parents. It was too probable indeed, that the poor child would never know any warmer friends; for too little was known of his father's condition, to warrant the hope of discovering his relations.

Dofrestom recollected, that when the ship he sailed in for Bayonne took up Don Balthazar and his wife at Madeira, they were just landed on that island from a vessel

bound to Spain, but which, from stress of weather, was obliged to stay there, and refit. No one knew, therefore, nor enquired, whence they came, nor to what province of Spain they were going.

Dofrestom had observed them frequently in serious conversation as he passed on deck, and from the tears in the eyes of the lady, and the sadness in those of her husband, he surmised that they were not in happy circumstances.

One chance alone remained of discovering the family of Theodore: it was by the contents of a small ivory box, which had been washed on shore after the wreck, and brought to Dofrestom. The name of Donna Aurelia Guevara carved in the ivory, distinguished it as her property; and Dofrestom, accepting it for her orphan, opened it in presence of the sailor who picked it up, and of two or three other persons.

The contents were found to be several packets of letters, evidently written by the

same hand, (they were all in Spanish, but the signature of Balthazar Guevara sufficiently proved them to be from the husband of Donna Aurelia;) some trinkets of more beauty than value; and a lock of very soft brown hair, like the hair of a child.

Having ascertained that there was no sort of coin in the box, Dofrestom closed it again, and put his seal on the fastening. He now thought of this box, and justly concluded, that if ever any light were to be thrown upon the birth of little Theodore, it must proceed from those letters and trinkets. At any rate there was time enough to ponder on what he should do, for many years must pass ere the child himself would be of an age to share in the solicitude of his protector.

The pastor of the neighbouring villages, to whom he imparted these circumstances, deemed any attempt at finding out the boy's relations in so distant a country as Spain a chimerical scheme; he therefore recommended Dofrestom to lower the child's

ideas of his past situation, and never to represent his parents but as ordinary persons. By such means, Theodore would grow up contented and industrious; and instead of wasting life in the pursuit of a rank, to which after all he might not be found to have any claim, he would employ his youth in building up a respectable character, and an honest competence.

This advice was too rational to be disregarded by him who asked it; Dofrestom made it the rule of his conduct.

Meanwhile, the unconscious orphan gradually lost the distinctness of his first impressions; he forgot his parents, and recovering from the pensiveness into which a change of habits had thrown him, grew animated and delightful. Nothing could be more graceful than his little figure, nothing brighter than his intelligent countenance; but the gaiety of that countenance vanished the instant he feared to transgress a rule or a wish of his protector; and his extreme sensibility to kindness, made no

other spring than kindness necessary, for the regulation of his conduct.

As he advanced in years, he became so sensible to this peculiar feature of his own character, that he learned to watch it with a jealous eye, lest at any time it should degenerate into weakness; his notions of right and wrong were so clearly defined, that even in childhood he was more afraid of his own censure than of another's wrath; and nobly disdainful of ridicule, when his associates pressed him into a transgression, he would say, "No;—I should be so sorry afterwards:"—a simple phrase, but it was the watch-word of infant virtue; and the same heart repeated it in manhood, when the stronger temptations of the world solicited him to wider indulgence.

Nothing dazzling, nothing of what is called uncommon quickness of capacity, distinguished him from other boys; but determined application, and close attention to whatever his mind was applied to, made the result continually in his favor.

Desirous of knowledge, but not impetuous in its pursuit, he did not rush towards many objects at once; attacking and conquering the sciences one by one, he concluded by making himself master of them all.

For the instruction of his earliest years he was indebted to the care of the pastor of Aardal; and as he grew older, fortune threw in his way an abler teacher, under whom he acquired all that afterwards distinguished him in the province of Mind.

Very different was his friend Heinreich Dofrestom: though his senior by two years, this boy never gained the least dependance upon himself; he was to be teazed or laughed out of every proper resolution. Whenever he acted from himself, it was by impulse, not principle; and though uncommonly good-natured and social, an observer might have remarked that the fear of punishment, or hope of reward, had far greater weight with him than his own approbation, or that of the

person he professed to love. An immoderate thirst for pleasure, and a habit of thoughtlessness, were his leading faults; but they were so brilliantly concealed by remarkable personal advantages, entertaining spirits, ceaseless good-humour, and general talents, that even the sensible Dofrestom considered them as the natural blemishes of lively youth; and Catherine hailed them as the prognostics of future greatness.

Heinreich was twelve, and Theodore ten, when an event, trifling in appearance, gave their separate destinies that bias from which they never afterwards swerved.

A brother of the pastor came to live in the valley of Aardal. He was a man of gigantic attainments: the literature of all ages, and of every country, was familiar to him; he had explored the sciences with the accuracy of one who seeks to detect errors as well as to find truths; and his laborious researches into the origin of nations, and of languages, had already rendered his name

celebrated throughout Europe. But the victim of a distempered suspicion of his fellow-creatures, and outraged by the preference of a rival to the academical honors of Copenhagen, he had taken the resolution of retiring from the world, and burying himself, with his books, his ill-temper, and his learning, amongst his native mountains.

Without any tenderness, Professor Sergendal had great warmth of heart: he had employed zeal, and money, and pains to serve both his friends and his acquaintance: but in spite of these claims on forbearance, his outrageous and suspicious temper always ended by driving them from him; and what he had banished by insult, he accused of ingratitude.

A cottage, of still better appearance than Dofrestom's, was soon erected for this philosopher, in the same valley; and, accompanied by a favourite servant only, he took possession of it in sullen dignity.

It was many weeks before he condescended to take any personal notice of Dofrestom's neighbourly kindness, or of Catherine's presents of knitted hose, bloberg jam, and cream-cheese. But at length a slight circumstance allured him to the cottage. He was taking his regular walk towards the fiord, when he perceived a boy climbing hastily one of the most frightful of the granite rocks that overhang its stormy water. He was too near-sighted to discover whether the lad was in search of birds' eggs, or sea plants; but he stopped to watch his hazardous exploit, and to rebuke him for it, when he should come down.

After experiencing some uneasy sensations for the fate of the little adventurer, he had the satisfaction to see him alight, with no other hurt than what was given his hands by the sharp points he had clung to.

"What have you been about, you young dog?" asked the professor.

Theodore (for it was he) answered gently, "Only putting up a little ark that had fallen from the nest."

"And what put it into your head to do so, child?"

"The poor little thing would have died if I had not; it dropped upon yon cluster of wild spinach, and that was worse than if it had gone at once into the sea."

"Go! you are a foolish boy to balance your life with that of a bird;—but here is a rix-dollar for you."

Theodore put it by, with a smile; "I do'n't want it;"—then suddenly recollecting himself, he added, "yes,—I forgot—I do want it. I'll take it home, Sir, if you'll have the goodness to give it me."

"And what will you do with it?"

"Buy a book."

The sparkling joy that brightened his eyes as he spoke, astonished the professor. "A book, child! did I hear you right? Where are books to be bought here?"

"O not here, but at Lavanger fair they

are; and we generally have neighbours go there every winter; one of them would buy it for me."

"And pray, my pretty boy, what book would you like?"

"Any Latin one," was the answer.

This unexpected reply drew forth a multitude of questions from the professor, who was not long of discovering, that in this child of obscurity he had found a mine of intellectual enjoyment for himself.

From that period he went often to see Dofrestom; and gratified by the profound respect with which he was received in his little circle, frequently launched out into learned disquisition, and profound analysis, of which not one of his auditors but the little orphan comprehended a single sentence.

More and more pleased with the increasing attention of Theodore to any subject he discussed, he one day proposed giving him lessons in the mathematics: the proposal was joyfully accepted.

From that period the professor took him regularly under his tuition, and during the space of nine years, laboured to transplant his own knowledge into the mind of his pupil.

Heinreich, meanwhile, had a different master, and widely different pursuits.

Naturally ingenious, he was one of those persons of whom it is said, they can do whatever they like: he would have excelled in all the imitative arts, had he chosen to study their principles; but except for music he would not give himself a moment's trouble.

To this enchanting accomplishment nature indeed had directed his choice by the gift of a melodious voice, and a delicate ear. His own ingenuity taught him to construct musical instruments of reeds and shells. The flute he formed with a cane, produced under his breath sounds that well might be mistaken by less ignorant ears than those of the surrounding peasantry, for the voices of their fabled wood-spirits.

The professor loved harmony; and whenever a fit of peculiar gloom or ill-humour attacked him, he sought a remedy in the violin of his servant Christian. It was natural for Christian to like admiration as well as his master; and when the professor and Theodore were studying above, he and young Heinreich were practising, and mutually praising each other below.

At these times Christian would launch out into an enumeration of all who had made fortunes, and risen to celebrity by the possession of such a talent and person as Heinreich's; then he described the theatre of Copenhagen, and the gay life that was led there; and, in short, ended by kindling an ardent desire for public admiration in the light mind of his auditor.

Pleased with the developement of his son's fine voice, and his proficiency on the violin, Dofrestom would have thought himself a harsh parent had he refused him permission to learn the elements of music from

Christian. He therefore suffered him to pass that time in this seducing study, which the higher-pitched mind of Theodore devoted to nobler purposes.

Each boy had his allotted portion of labour in the garden, the field, and the mill: they worked with Dofrestom, and when their task was over, the remaining hours were at their own disposal, for pleasure or improvement.

As Heinreich was already sufficiently instructed for his probable lot in life, his father ceased now to excite in him any emulation to rival his younger companion. But aware that Theodore's true station was not one of obscurity, he encouraged him to enrich his soul with all the treasures of his teacher's.

Theodore, indeed, did not learn from the Professor Sergendal what belonged to intellect only; he was warned by his example to shudder at the tyranny of an uncontrolled temper, and to lament that the best qualities of the heart may be

obscured or perverted by one fatal propensity.

Without slavishness of spirit, he became anxious to charm away those fits of mixed violence and sullenness, to which the unhappy man had given way during a life of sixty years; and thus studying to lead another, Theodore learned to command himself.

Gratitude and compassion kept pace with each other's growth in his heart; and though tears would sometimes start into his youthful eyes, when unjustly menaced or struck by his preceptor, no bitter word escaped his lips.

Studious and gentle, still Theodore had the gaiety of his age: he enjoyed the rural games and exercises of his young companions, and he enjoyed them with a fullness of spirits, that seemed for the time to transform him into a different creature. He loved also, the elegant arts, and he longed to practise them; but feeling that his other employments did not allow him

time for excellence in any of them, and having too fine a taste to be contented with mere attempts, he relinquished the graces of music solely to Heinreich.

Three years of alternate application and relaxation had flown away since the residence of the professor at Aardal, when business carried Dofrestom to Lavanger. As it was the season of the fair, he took his two boys with him.

The boys were amused with a week's residence in that busy port. They were walking on the quay the evening before their return home, when a sailor met, and accosted Dofrestom. It was the man who had picked up the casket of Donna Aurelia: he was still a seaman, and just going another voyage.

In their short dialogue, Theodore's memory was awakened from its long trance; for they spoke of his parents, and they mutually remarked his resemblance to Don Balthazar. In the midst of this discourse the sailor was summoned away by

the voice of one of his comrades, and Dofrestom returned to his lodgings.

Theodore did not suffer him to proceed in silence: he intreated him to relate every particular of his parents, and of the wreck; and displayed the most painful anxiety to learn if there were any trace left of the family to which he belonged.

"And if you could discover your relations, would you leave me in my old age, my son?" asked Dofrestom.

Theodore paused a moment; then turning his moistened eyes towards the good man, steadily answered, "Never, while you wished for, or needed me; but surely it is natural to desire to belong really to somebody: and if my relations were rich and great, then I should be able to shew how much I love you and aunt Catherine and Heinreich."

"Your father did not appear rich, my dear boy," replied Dofrestom, "and therefore not likely to have been great: so you

had better forget that you were not born in Norway."

"Well, if they are poor then, returned Theodore, still they are my relations, and I might some day have the power of assisting them. I wonder if I have any brothers or sisters." He sighed as he spoke; and Dofrestom was going to answer, when a lively exclamation of Heinreich about some passing objects, afforded him an excuse for changing the conversation.

During their journey home, Dofrestom and Theodore were silent upon this subject, though it was equally the occupation of their thoughts. Theodore was too delicate to urge any thing, however interesting to his own feelings, when he saw it was repugnant to the person he discoursed with; and Dofrestom feared, by continued discussion, to awaken wishes that he had not the means of gratifying, and hopes which had no prospect of accomplishment. Theodore's lips were silent, but his mind was discoursing with the past and the future.

He strained his memory to recall events long since forgotten; events which childhood could never register, because to childhood they would be uninteresting; yet he fancied that he could recollect many such.

For once he mistook imagination for memory, and gave to her specious images the confidence he should have yielded to truth alone. Ideal personages, upon whom his heart bestowed the endearing titles of father and mother, seemed to rise before him, and to reproach him for having lived thus long without lamenting them.

Again he witnessed their melancholy fate, — again the cry of his mother rung on his ear: he thought over the dismal scene, till, forgetting the presence of Dofrestom and Heinreich, his full heart was on the point of breaking out into words, to the mournful shades of his parents.

No sooner did Dofrestom find leisure after his return home, than he hastened to beg a private interview with the oracle of the

valley, Professor Sergendal. He went, provided with the ivory box.

The professor was already acquainted with the history of the orphan; and being familiar with the Spanish language, easily collected from the letters all that it was important to know.

They proved Don Balthazar to be of high rank, as he frequently spoke of his father by the title of the Condé Roncezvalles; but they decidedly shewed that Donna Aurelia was not acknowledged by her husband's family. Several unsuccessful attempts of the writer were detailed, for procuring some diplomatic situation at a foreign court; and it appeared as if he had made those attempts solely to remove his wife and an infant daughter from the persecution of his relations. It was evident, therefore, that little could be expected for the grandchild, from a man who seemed so unrelenting to his son: the professor consequently added his opinion to that of his brother, recommending the entire suppression of this casket, and ad-

vising Dofrestom to treat any aspirations of the young Guevara after Spain, as an affront to himself.

To pass such a sentence upon the hopes and ambition of a spirit which sought power, for the gratification of the noblest desires only, cost little to the professor: he was soured to all of his species who either acted, or wished to act their part in public civilized life; absorbed in scientific researches, the pursuits of associated men appeared in his eyes idle and worthless. But Dofrestom's heart rebelled against his reason, as he yielded to the force of the professor's arguments; for he knew the delights of benevolence by experience; and he felt that a wider sphere for its exercise, is nobly worth the struggle. He returned home, serious and troubled.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Theodore was revolving all that had passed between his adopted father and the sailor: visions of future fortune certainly floated through his fancy, but the tender idea of having some brother or sister that was hereafter to constitute the joy of his life, and to share his heart with Heinreich, predominated over every other.

For several days his thoughts refused to take a different direction; and as an apology for slowness of comprehension one morning while studying Greek with the professor, he ventured to express the emotion that agitated him.

The stern displeasure with which this first confidence of his youthful heart was received, made an indelible impression upon Theodore. Instead of gently and reasonably

discussing the matter, the professor thundered forth an invective against his childishness; accused him of estimating the paltry baubles of wealth and pleasure beyond the manly distinction of subdued passions and cultivated faculties; and roughly pointed out the obstacles his peculiar situation opposed to any plan he might form of visiting Spain.

He spoke of it as of a career more preposterous than that of Don Quixotte, for it would be undertaken in search of relations who perhaps existed only in his own imagination. After much argument, and more violence, he concluded with this hard but prudent maxim: "Go, go, child; dismiss these absurd chimeras; and remember while you live, always to consider improbabilities as impossibilities." Theodore bowed in token of obedience; his heart was too full for speech. He stood a few moments to conquer himself, before he ventured to resume the reading their dialogue had interrupted. For the first time in his life, he

felt a glow of resentment against the valuable instructor to whom he owed so much. He knew that resentment was just, for the professor had treated an amiable feeling as a crime; and Theodore would not, therefore, debase himself by striving to banish the expression of that feeling from his face.

However, the sudden and continued paleness of his cheek, and the cold seriousness of his air, attracted no further attention: the professor had given vent to his ill humour, and was now absorbed in contemplation of the divine Socrates. From this period, the character of Theodore visibly changed; he became silent and thoughtful, even in society of his own age; he ceased to take delight in sports or exercises, preferring a solitary ramble amongst the most retired places, to the cheerful clamour of rural games.

That glow of inward happiness, which generally brightens every youthful face, gradually faded from his, and a pale, pensive expression succeeded. Without losing his

health, he lost his spirits; and, unable to recover from the shock he had sustained by the professor's harsh return to his confidence, he grew reserved even to Heinreich.

Yet to Heinreich he was ardently attached; for, indeed, Heinreich had the power of attaching every body. He was so glowingly handsome, so unceasingly amusing and good tempered, that no one ever thought how incompatible such constant gaiety was with much sympathy.

He had a felicitous talent for mimickry; and was accustomed not only to represent the looks and manners of every person he saw, but the peculiarities of household animals, and the phenomena of nature.

No one could refuse being entertained by him, for nothing of satire entered into his imitations; and generally, after he had gone the round of every animate and inanimate object before him, he would end by identifying his own peculiarities and absurdities.

Frequently charmed out of melancholy

thoughts by this talent of his companion, Theodore imputed the effect to a higher cause, and gave Heinreich credit for the kindest motives, when, in reality, he was only indulging his own laughter-loving inclinations.

For many months Theodore was unable to shake off the dejection into which the renewal of his childish impressions had plunged him. But it was not the character of such a mind as his to indulge for ever in speculation: he pondered on all that was possible to be done in his case, till he at length concluded that it was practicable to find out the sailor again, to enquire what he remembered of Don Balthazar; to go into Spain, and by application to any person bearing the name of Guevara, endeavour to discover some of his father's family.

Satisfied of its practicability, Theodore determined to pursue that method: the resolution incited him to fresh diligence in the pursuit of knowledge. Greater acquirements would either serve to grace a nobler

state, or to elevate him from an humble one: they might also furnish him with the means of honourable support, while travelling through the country he meant to search. Fixing the period for this purpose at the termination of boyhood, he made up his mind to the delay; and recovering his former animation, without any of its gaiety, he returned with double vigour to his old habits.

The resolution formed, and the plan digested, he communicated it to his friend Heinreich; concluding his confidence by observing, that as Dofrestom always intended his son to share his own easy station of an independent cultivator of their own land, Theodore would undertake his wandering life without the self-reproach of leaving his benefactor deprived of a companion and assistant.

What was his surprise to hear Heinreich abruptly declare, that nothing should induce him to bury himself all his days in such a nook as Aardal; that he had long determined to quit it, and meant to ask his

father's leave to do so; that he was sure his voice and his proficiency in music would make his fortune at last; and that he was only waiting for the annual arrival of a young companion from Christiana, who knew all about those matters, before he mentioned the scheme to his father.

"And what is your scheme, my dear Heinreich?"

"O! to get in some capacity or other to Copenhagen; sing and play to some great musician, and then study under him till I am perfect: after that, the road is all upon velvet. Christian has told me a hundred stories of persons with a voice and a genius like mine, who have ruled every court they went to: and as I am not ill-looking into the bargain, I don't think it is very out of the way to suppose I may marry well. At any rate, what's the use of singing like a choir of angels to such an audience as trees and stones? Any growling fellow can do more work in the saw-mill or the field than I can; so my father will be no loser by my

absence, and will gain at last the honour of being father to the greatest musician in Europe."

"Then I must stay with him."—Theodore spoke with an unsteady voice, for his heart shrunk from the inconsideration of Heinreich. A joyous burst of laughter accompanied his companion's reply.

"You stay with him! What! by way of enlivening him and aunt Catherine! You are incomparable, we know, at that work! Nay, don't look twenty times more like a cogitating raven than ever, my dear Theo: you know I love you, in spite of your clouds and rain, so you may let me jest about them. But what need you stay? Can't we both start at once, and see who wins at last? My father has plenty of work, and of neighbours to entertain him; and if he had not, has he not had his day of seeing the world, and should not we have ours?"

Theodore gently, but firmly, checked his levity upon so sacred a subject as the comfort of a parent. Heinreich then confessed

that it would be very hard if both boys were to desert Dofrestom at the same time; yet still he persisted in his determination of quitting the valley.

Theodore, chilled and disappointed, though trying to pacify his heart with various partial excuses for Heinreich's selfishness, said no more, and betook himself to a portion of his daily work in the garden. There, as he dug up the earth round the roots of Catherine's favourite shrubs, some scalding tears mingled with the mould. It was the first time he had thought Heinreich unkind: for what was the indulgence of vanity, compared with his desire for honest independence, and natural yearning after kindred? In Heinreich's place, he would have sacrificed such a paltry ambition to far less than the future destiny of a brother; yet Heinreich did not seem to dream that such a sacrifice could be expected.

Poor Theodore! again faded all thy bright visions of endearing connections and benevolent exertions; and with them went

for a while thy delight and security in the affection of Heinreich.

But the next day his mental sunshine returned: Heinreich was in more than his usual spirits, and talked of what he would do next year in the valley; what he would construct; what he would see flourishing in a twelvemonth; what in twice that time: in short, he was so fertile in distant plans, and each plan was so sure to have home for its scene of action, that Theodore concluded he had either not meant what he said in their conversation the day before, or that better thoughts had conquered the selfish impulse.

Had he once more spoken seriously on the subject, he would have found that all this system of pastoral life was the mere sport of momentary fancy, uttered without the least intention of realizing it; and that Heinreich was as selfish and determined as ever.

But with a little cowardice of the heart (the fault of affectionate characters), Theo-

dore avoided the possibility of being wounded again by a hand so dear: he was silent, therefore, and he was deceived.

In consequence of this delusion, he proceeded in the plan he had formerly laid down, and by the increased steadiness of his application, and stricter exercise of patience, under the varieties of his preceptor's humour, he acquired whatever he sought.

Of the principal dead languages he was already master; but Spanish was now the object of his wishes, and unwilling to draw forth angry observations from the professor, by particularly declaring his inclination towards it, he expressed a general desire to learn any modern language with which his master was acquainted.

To instruct him was at once the amusement and the pride of Sergendal: for he secretly cherished a hope, that at a future day this unwearied scholar would make a distinguished figure in the annals of literature; and that, taught to estimate the tutor's moral and intellectual value by that of the

mind he had formed, the world would mourn in sackcloth and ashes over its folly and ingratitude to him.

Many hours of the bright Norwegian nights were thus employed by the professor, in this additional branch of instruction.

Though England was not then, as now, the citadel of the world, the foundations of her glory were already laid, and Theodore thirsted for the literature of a nation at once so brave and so sage.

He began, therefore, with the English language; and it was only at distant intervals that he successively mastered the French, Italian, Spanish, and German.—Amused by the sprightly talent of the French, delighted with the brilliant imagination of the Italians, he read their productions without longing to emulate them; but the philosophers and poets of Britain realized all his ideas of human excellence.

Bacon and Shakespeare, those mighty masters of the heart and the understanding, became his constant study: the powers of

his understanding were unfolded by the one; the affections of his heart developed by the other. Shakespeare made him enamoured of virtue, taught him to scrutinize himself, and shewed him, ere he entered the world, all its delights and all its dangers.

It was thus that a youth brought up in retirement learned to dread even his best propensities, and to strip the idols of mankind (ambition and glory) of the brilliant covering with which they dazzle the multitude.

Gratefully anxious to repay the trouble of instructing him, Theodore transcribed the same MSS. again and again for his master; bore with his wrath for a single word omitted or mistaken; and finally crowned all, by never leaving the pillow of Sergendal during an infectious fever, which frightened away every other attendant.

When the professor recovered, and was made sensible of Theodore's courageous affection, he confessed that at last he had found gratitude, and solemnly announced

to his neighbours, that he meant to bequeath all he might die possessed of to the youth whose care had preserved his life.

The worthy pastor having fallen a victim to the disorder that spared his brother, Sergendal was left without any natural heirs; Dofrestom made no attempt, therefore, to alter his generous design.

The first day of the professor being out after his illness was the birth-day of Heinreich; and the happy father begged to celebrate both these agreeable events together.

It was the meridian of a northern summer, and Heinreich was just eighteen.

After a supper supplied by the dairy and the garden, at which the cheerful Catherine and her handmaid waited according to the Norwegian custom, Dofrestom and she, with the professor and the rest of their neighbours, sat down in a stone-porch fronting the setting sun.

On a grassy mound, gay with clusters of those beautiful pinks peculiar to alpine scenery, stood a sun-dial: the shadow

pointed to the hour of four. Not far distant, under the shade of a large box-tree, leaned Christian, with his violin; and grouped together, ready for the singular yet pleasing dance of their country, stood Heinreich and his friends.

At the first sound of the instrument, Heinreich led off the dance with a grace and a gaiety which heightened the brilliancy of his shewy person: his bright blue eyes, flashing through clusters of amber hair, animated wherever they turned; health and conscious superiority out-glowed upon his cheek the sunny apples that were ripening above his head; he moved with the elasticity of vigour, and the elegance of ease: admiration, both from old and young, followed his steps.

A warmer, yet less clamorous sentiment was given to Theodore. His gently-animated air had the charm of natural grace; and the sweet smile of his eyes, as well as of his lips, touched the hearts of the lookers-

on, more than the sparkling glances of Heinreich.

Theodore seemed to dance to please others more than himself; and without being able to analyse the impression they received, the honest peasants felt its full force.

Beauty! genius! fascination! what is your honour when compared with that of goodness? We struggle against you all, but we yield, without resistance, to the charm of an amiable heart!

After the dance, various little games, songs, stories, succeeded. Heinreich exhibited his whole stock of talent; and never had he been so agreeable. It is true he did this for the delight of being admired; but he never suffered himself to find that out; and no one else, except the professor, made the discovery for him.

Amongst the happiest efforts of Henreich's mimickry was the fair of Lavanger. He contrived to represent the various sights, uproar, bustle, and business of that crowded place so exactly, by his gestures and his

voice, that for the time he transported his audience into the very scene. He now commenced this entertaining exhibition with more than his usual spirit; and concluded it by imitating a chorus of Norwegian fishermen, singing the national air of "For Norget's," &c. At that darling sound, even the professor started up, and joined the now-universal song. Dofrestom's honest heart glowed with patriotic and paternal joy. He could not refrain from grasping Henreich in his arms, and exclaiming by way of apology, as he released him, "I am proud of my boy!"

Henreich felt this the proper mood for him to beg a boon. Kissing the silvering head of his father, he whispered, "I have something to beg of you by and by; I am sure you won't refuse me what I ask."

Dofrestom smiled encouragingly; and repeating, "Well, by and by, my child," dismissed Henreich to join his companions.

Theodore enjoyed his friend's triumph, with a delight that sparkled in his eyes

without being uttered by his tongue; and having no idea of rivalry, he employed himself in attending to the minor gratifications of the company.

For the aged, he placed seats where the sun or the wind might not incommode them. His penetration discovered which partner was most pleasing to the young women, and he managed to marshal them accordingly. He shaded the blunders of the aukward, dissipated the fears of the bashful, and saw that no one looked round in vain for Catherine's delicious whey or cheerful possets. In short, his benevolent spirit was every where, in the shape of innumerable attentions, that fell noiseless, but not fruitless, on the hearts to which they were addressed.

Meanwhile the pleasure of obliging, and of sympathising with his companions, repaid him amply in personal enjoyment. He was even gayer than Heinreich; for, all given to mirth, he felt not his anxiety to be admired: the richer quality of his mind made it more fruitful in witty allusions and

amusing anecdotes; and though most of his auditors were too ignorant to follow the sports of such a fancy through all its agreeable absurdities, yet they understood enough to laugh quite as much as he either wished or expected.

At a late hour this rural gala ended, and the dwellers at the cottage were left to themselves. Catherine retired immediately to bed; but, anxious to seize the favourable moment, Heinreich detained his father, making a sign for Theodore not to leave them.

He began his petition by a very eloquent eulogium upon his father's indulgent affection, upon the happiness he was certain it would bestow on such a tender parent to know his only son happy, and in the road to preferment. He then detailed the pleasures and honours that he was told always followed the successful pursuit of the fine arts; specified his own talent and passion for music; and wound up his oration by taking it for granted, that from all these considerations his father's consent was a matter of course.

Thunderstruck with this unexpected demand, Dofrestom was speechless, while his son continued rapidly to describe his views, his plans, his hopes, his advisers. Christian had warned him to secrecy in his case; he therefore only mentioned Ulric Eisenbach, his friend, from Christiana.

This young man had brought the intelligence of the first composer in the world's being then at Copenhagen: his account of this prodigy had determined Heinreich to set off immediately for Denmark; where he meant to hear the melodious wonder, and become his pupil.

To have listened to Heinreich, any one from another planet must have supposed that a fine voice was another word for omnipotence in this: he never admitted the possibility of disappointment. As surprized as Dofrestom, Theodore stood silent; Dofrestom at length spoke.

Every thing that a rational, a virtuous, and a fond father might be supposed to say, was advanced by him to soften and explain

his refusal. He had been an adventurer himself, — in an humbler way, it is true, — but he had felt enough in his own person, and seen enough in those of others, not to be certain that a life of adventure is at best but a life of lottery; and that the surprizing chance of its greatest prize is, after all, not to be put in competition with the peaceful, respectable life of independent security.

He dwelt much and seriously upon the moral dangers to which the professors of so bewitching an art as music are peculiarly exposed; dangers which must increase when a handsome person, and social temper, were added to the scale.

He concluded with lamenting that he must be deprived of the domestic sunshine he had looked forward to, as the brightener of old age; and that, agitated by continual anxiety for a son so dear, he would lose not only the cheerfulness, but the peace he had hitherto enjoyed.

Heinreich combatted these arguments as well as he could, and what he wanted in

force he made up in obstinacy. Each party appealed to Theodore.

Loving both, grieved for both, Theodore endeavoured to stifle his own disappointment, while he gently decided against Heinreich.

Too good-humoured to utter his suspicion that the young censor's opinion was influenced by selfish considerations, Heinreich heard him patiently, then burst forth into a repetition of his former arguments, and with more than his former vehemence.

He talked of Theodore's assistance and company, as excellent substitutes for his; never once appearing to think, that one so formed to shine in society could be otherwise than happy in obscurity.

Theodore's heart was wounded by this thoughtlessness; yet he kept repeating to himself "It is nothing but thoughtlessness, he does not mean to hurt me," till he persuaded himself that his own fastidious sensibility was alone to blame.

The discussion at last terminated in a debate; for Dofrestom when chafed could be roused. The son was obstinate, the father angry; and the gentleness of Theodore in vain tried to appease the storm. At length Dofrestom ended the conference, by commanding his son to give up all thoughts of any other situation than the one he should bequeath to him.

Heinreich was awed by the severe frown and stern voice of his father: he paused a few moments; then clearing away the clouds from his own brow, said, "Well father, if it must be so it must; and I suppose I shall be chief singing angel in Heaven for my obedience."

With the lively confidence of one who is sure of making his peace whenever he chuses, he now kissed his father's cheek, over which a tender tear was stealing, held out his hand to Theodore, who squeezed it with affectionate pleasure; and harmony thus restored, they parted for the night.

Heinreich had submitted in appearance,

but not in fact. He was still resolute to follow his own inclinations; and having all his life accustomed himself to do whatever they prompted, he retained no clear notion of moral obligations. He thought only of doing what he meant to do, in the quietest manner possible; and for this purpose suddenly affected obedience, considering the artifice laudable that was to prevent useless contention.

His brain was heated with the ideas of future fame and fortune, suggested by Christian; and we must do him the justice to say, that from the many *chateaux d'Espagne* erected by his extravagant expectations, he never once excluded his orphan friend.

Like all who defer giving proofs of their affection till a period of abundant fortune, Heinreich lived to find that hour never arrive. Few things are to be done for the good of others but at the expence of some convenience, gratification, or wish of our own; and he that with limited means, seeks

degree assuaged his own affliction; and he consented to pass the night under the hospitable roof of his present host. But on further consideration, he began to think that it was his duty to return, to prepare the unhappy parent for the arrival of this painful letter. Should it be received during his absence, he dreaded the consequence; to prevent such a mischance, he resolved to hazard a nightly voyage, and, without taking an hour's rest, proceed to his now troubled home.

With a heavy and a softened heart, as he revolved the innocent days of Heinreich's boyhood, did Theodore re-embark. A few dim stars struggled through the thickening vapours of the night; the water rushed with a hollow sound; and low, unsteady blasts whistled by fits through their single sail.

"I fear we are going to have bad weather!" observed his companion, as their boat dashed into the sullen wave.

"Would you wish to go back, Eric?"

asked Theodore. "Deal honestly with me, as I do by you, when I confess that I would not proceed, but for the sake of softening this sad news to my father. I am aware we shall run some risk of losing our lives, and there is not sufficient motive for you—"

"Yes, but there is," returned Eric; 'did not my good master pay the dues, of my mother's funeral, and build my sister the cot we live in? Surely, it is as little as I can do, to risk an upset, to save him a heart-ache."

Theodore would have hesitated again, had his own advantage been the end proposed; but for his benefactor's peace, he was less scrupulous; and he was besides at that age in which we hope all things, and fear few. He let loose the sail again, that he was preparing to furl, and stood out from shore.

The night blackened as they proceeded; the huge granite rocks, overhanging their boat, threw darker and broader shadows:

winds began to howl; and the waves running higher and higher, threatened to engulph their tottering vessel.

Theodore was too experienced and too collected, not to be aware of their danger, and equal to all that might be done to ward it off: he guided the helm himself, and cheered his companion. They coasted the foot of the cliffs, and doubling the cape which terminated this branch of the Sogne-fiord, entered into the main body of the fiord.

The storm continued to increase; the waters lashed themselves into fury, and ran mountains of foam; their roar reverberating from the surrounding caverns, added to the horrors of the wind. Complete darkness covered every object.

Theodore thought of his parents' watery grave, and for a moment that thought unnerved him.

"I believe we must give it up," he observed, as he heard his companion whisper-

ing a prayer. Suppose we try for the island, and stay there till day-break?

Eric joyfully assented, and with much difficulty they gained the place they sought. Their boat found a safe bay; and a comfortable koya, constructed with clay and pine branches, gave shelter to themselves.

During the wintry storms, this island was often the temporary abode of distressed voyagers, and had been so particularly the refuge of the pastor, that Theodore one day proposed building some better shelter than that which the caves afforded. Heinreich and two other youths had cheerfully acceded to the proposition, and obtaining a day's holiday during summer, they raised this charitable edifice.

Dofrestom regularly supplied it with a small store of dry wood, smoaked provisions, bread, and spirits, for the refreshment of such persons as might be detained there several days; and grateful for the benevolence, no one was ever known to waste

it. Enviable state of rectitude, when every man is a law to himself!

Theodore now felt, for the first time, the full value of his own humanity; and as the wind and rain beat upon the roof of the koya, and a kindling fire began to diffuse its cheering warmth through his limbs, he thought of Heinreich's alacrity in assisting to build it, and his heart melted with tenderness.

The storm abated before day-break, after which he and Eric renewed their voyage.

For some hours they had but to contend with an adverse tide, and veering winds; but towards noon the storm rose again, and the boat laboured against it in vain. They had already entered their branch of the fiord, and were in sight of the valley: voices were heard, and figures were seen upon its shore. Theodore fancied that he could distinguish that of Dofrestom.

With a heart throbbing far more for that dear benefactor than for its own safety, he continued to exert all his skill and courage.

The boat drew nearer; through the boisterous wind, louder and shriller voices were heard. At that moment a sudden blast came rushing from the mountains down the valley, and sweeping onward with velocity, drove back the boat upon a jutting rock. The solitary mast fell with a horrid crash across her side, and her loosened planks were soon seen floating singly upon the water.

Theodore and Eric had thrown themselves into the fiord, and were struggling with the waves, when a stouter boat put off from shore. With his usual presence of mind, Theodore called out to Eric to hold by one of the floating timbers: by this seasonable advice, he was enabled to keep on the surface of the water, till the boat rowed up to them, and took him in. Scarcely conscious how he had got there, Theodore found himself in the same boat, and held to the breast of Dofrestom.

"But Heinreich! O God, where is he?" exclaimed Dofrestom.

"Safe, dearest father, but not with us."

Dofrestom understood from this, that his truant son still lingered with Ulric Eisenbach; and anxious for Theodore's comfort, asked no other question till he beheld him warmed and refreshed by his own fire.

As Catherine was bustling to get him change of raiment, and the good Dofrestom was busying himself in the same kind office for Eric, Theodore had time to observe how favourable was the present opportunity for the tale he had to tell. The storm, by which he was spared, might have destroyed Heinreich, had he been found at Ulric's, and returned with them home: besides, to have an afflictive act of Providence, so immediately followed by a merciful one, demanded gratitude for the blessing, and resignation to the calamity.

All this poor Theodore meant to urge with tender caution; but his feelings refused to obey his judgment. Softened by a variety of thronging thoughts, he burst into tears, without speaking, when Dofrestom renewed his question about the return

of Heinreich. A scene of alarm, enquiry, explanation, and anguish followed. Catherine wept; and her brother prophecied the ruin of his deceitful son.

Theodore comforted the one, and soothed the other; he drew the attention of both to his own preservation, and eloquent in goodness, suggested palliatives for Heinreich's error, and expectations from his character, which he rather wished were true, than dared believe so.

By degrees he pacified not only the anger but the grief of his auditors; and at last he beguiled them into the confession, that it was natural for such talents as Heinreich's to long for a theatre of action; and that, consequently, they ought not to judge him with severity.

Thoughtlessness was the plea he urged in his friend's behalf; and with the magic of that word, Theodore quieted the aching hearts of the father and the aunt. The time was yet to come, in which he would cease to consider that word as any other

than a term for hard, unfeeling selfishness; and never, never advance it in extenuation of guilt.

The remaining hours of the day, and the greatest part of the night, were all employed in discoursing upon the same subject. Dofrestom listened to the advice of a youth of sixteen with the attention and docility he would have yielded only to the conviction of superior judgment and impartiality in one of thrice that age.

Acquiescing nearly always in what he suggested, he now and then repeated, "Well, well! you remain with me,—you won't forsake me!"

In the few moments following the first utterance of this exclamation, the young Theodore made a harder conquest than ever graced the triumphs of a Cæsar: he subdued his own paramount desire; he nearly conquered regret.

Turning his eyes towards Dofrestom's venerable face, he fixed them there, till their glowing expression melted into tears;

then hiding them on the old man's trembling hand, as he pressed his lips on it, he said in a low yet firm voice, "Nothing but your command shall make me desert you."

It is not often that he who accepts a sacrifice, is worthy of it; but Dofrestom really was; for he knew not how many cherished hopes his adopted son was now relinquishing. He wept with sorrow and with joy; and calling down unnumbered blessings on the head of this more than son, retired to the solitude and reflection of his chamber.

Had Dofrestom been living in *the world*, he might have tried to hide his grief, and its cause, by "making" what that world calls "the best of it," and passing off the rebellious act of his son as obedience to his own command; but he lived where sympathy and sincerity were yet of irrepressible growth; and secure of the one, he had no reason to stifle the overflowings of the other.

His venerable character demanded respect; his distress solicited compassion; his neighbours came to mourn with him, and their kindness was itself consolation.

Meanwhile the long-delayed letter of explanation and apology was brought by the smuggler to the Stone Cottage. It began with a complete avowal of shame and consciousness of error, which disarmed even justice: it then proceeded in so florid a description of expected honours, and predetermined good conduct, that Catherine burst out into admiration and approbation; and Dofrestom, with a sigh, reluctantly acknowledged that it might, after all, turn out for the best.

Every one that heard this long letter had a kind or an encouraging word to say to the poor, doubting father. Professor Sergendal alone, muttered Pshaw! after its most animated passages.

Dofrestom eagerly pressed him to utter an opinion; Theodore in alarm endeavoured to arrest the answer, but it came, and

came with the pitiless force of a surgeon who lops a limb to save a life. "My opinion, Sir, if I am to tell you fairly, is this: the young fellow that could write such a letter as that, yet act as your son has done, is one who sins wilfully, therefore unpardonably. I tell you, Sir, you must prepare yourself for his ruin; and he that palliates and persuades you otherwise, will hereafter have your despair, and perhaps your phrensy to answer for."

So awful a sentence, pronounced with ruthless solemnity, struck Dofrestom as if it had been the fiat of Fate; but recovering at the voice of Theodore, a voice tender as that of ministering angels, he felt the tide of paternal partiality rush anew into his heart; and warmly taking up the defence of his thoughtless son, he concluded by at least convincing himself, if not his opponent, that Heinreich's transgression merited forgiveness.

Benevolently seizing this lucky turn in the feelings of Dofrestom, Theodore soon

after employed it, in persuading him, that unless he determined upon peremptorily recalling Heinreich, it was most prudent in him to think of forwarding the youth's wishes; left to himself, he might enter into intimacy and engagement with some worthless person of talent, or ignorantly attach himself to one without real celebrity and influence.

In consequence of this advice, Dofrestom thought of his only acquaintance in Copenhagen, the head of a commercial house, with whom he had dealings.

The yearly profits of his saw-mill were always left in their hands at a very moderate rate of interest; he might therefore calculate upon some friendship from them. He now wrote to one of the partners, requesting him to find out his runaway, assist him discreetly with money, and see what could be done for him with safety and honour.

He implored this gentleman's kind observation of his son's associates; beseeching him to put him on his guard against

any connection that might afterwards injure his morals.

Composure, but not real peace of mind, thus restored to this excellent man, Theodore endeavoured to fill the chasm which Heinreich had left. For this purpose he devoted the whole of his evenings to Catherine and her brother: in summer he walked with them, amusing both, by gathering and botanizing the countless wild-flowers that covered the mountains, and perfumed the hollows. In winter he sat while Catherine spun and Dofrestom smoked, either reading to them, by the bright light of the stars and the moon, the Norwegian Bible; or translating, as he went, interesting anecdotes from books in other languages.

The good couple did not indeed laugh so often during those evenings, as when Heinreich's comic talents were exercised for their amusement, but a more "sacred and home-felt delight" continually warmed their hearts. They saw that Theodore thought only of their happiness, while

sacrificing his own pleasures; and admiration thus mingling with gratitude, made him dearer every hour.

Professor Sergendal meanwhile deepened into portentous gloom; his muttering thunder of discontent gave warning of the angry flash that was to follow: he began to repeat the words, — "Ungrateful! like all the rest of mankind!" And though repeatedly obliged to own the justice of Theodore's arguments when his reproaches called on him for defence, he never failed re-judging the cause when alone, and deciding that if either were to be sacrificed, Dofrestom, and not he, should be the victim.

In reality, Theodore's principal sacrifice was himself; for, by giving up so much of his little leisure to what he deemed a duty, he abridged his time for study, and made a progress very inadequate to his wishes in every favourite pursuit.

Frequently he expressed this regret, when the professor reproached him with growing

idleness, or caprice of affection; yet never did he obtain credit for the truth he uttered. Sergendal was too much in the custom of indulging himself, to believe another person capable of the heroism required for an opposite habit; and Theodore's regrets, therefore, sunk into the same oblivious contempt with his avowals of obligation. "Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity!" —Theodore's early sufferings from this injustice of the Professor, led him to the discovery that justice is the corner-stone of the social edifice: he became, therefore, so scrupulously just, that nothing shocked and surprized him so much, as the want of that habit in persons dear to him. Alas! in future years, how often did he find that, of all the virtues, justice is the rarest!

CHAPTER III.

THE first joyful moment at Aardal was occasioned by a packet from Copenhagen. It was brought by a young peasant who had just finished his service in the militia, and contained letters from Heinreich and the merchant who was to be his friend.

Through the agency of the latter, Heinreich had sung and played before Signor Perregino, the new manager of the royal concerts; that gentleman had expressed himself astonished at the wonderful voice and naturally good style of Heinreich, and proposed taking him as a pupil, provided a proper sum of money were paid down at first. The sum was great; but Heinreich wrote in raptures of the admiration his genius had excited in the court, assuring

his father that he had no doubt of eventually repaying him; and Dofrestom, after many a sad foreboding, replied by enclosing an order for the money.

This premium swallowed up mostly all the savings of twelve years: Dofrestom had originally intended to divide these savings, at his death, equally between the two boys; but Heinreich now required it all; and his father, in resigning it, plainly stated his determination of making up the deficiency to Theodore, by bequeathing to him the Stone Cottage, with its pasture, and a share at least in the property of the saw-mill, in case he, Dofrestom, should die before the professor.

He was too truly generous to communicate this part of his letter to Theodore, who, pleased with the pious advice and kind forgiveness it contained, wished not to see more.

Heinreich was ultimately fixed with Signor Perregino; and Theodore, faithfully endeavouring to enliven the declining age

of Professor Sergendal, as well as of Dofrestom, continued to advance in years and in moral value.

The third year after Heinreich's departure, Theodore's self-command was put to a severe proof. The professor, feeling himself decline, meditated a journey to Copenhagen for the purpose of superintending the publication of his last work.

This darling work, which was indeed a treasure of scientific knowledge, had been the labour of so large a portion of his life, that every thing else seemed dust in the balance. To bring it out with the utmost perfection of accuracy, was the grand desideratum of his journey; and as this was the very MS. that Theodore had so often transcribed from variously altered originals, his assistance in correcting the press was nearly indispensable.

Believing it impossible for such a youth to refuse the offer of visiting the capital, he one day abruptly bade him prepare for the journey.

Theodore paused — hesitated; a glow of pleasure flushed his expressive countenance, and as quickly faded. "O, what would I give to see Copenhagen!" he exclaimed; "but I fear I dare not wish it."

The professor demanded an explanation, and heard with amazement that his pupil had pledged himself to Dofrestom to remain with him whilst he lived. Sergendal's brow blackened at first, but juster feelings chased away the gloom; for now the sacrifice was too evident to be doubted: he undertook to win a willing assent from his neighbour, or no longer to urge Theodore on the tempting subject.

Sergendal now hastened to seek this eventful consent, stipulating either to return himself at the end of eight months, or to restore his young companion, under the protection of some discreet traveller.

Dofrestom had not one selfish feeling; and though he might have hesitated to part from this last prop of domestic comfort for

as many years, he tried to think the separation of eight months would be easily borne: in addition to this, he depended upon Theodore for a sincere account of Heinreich's conduct and prospects. The representations of both, which had hitherto arrived, had neither of them appeared exactly what the fond hearts in the valley would have anticipated. Mr. Thonkild complained of inattention to his occasional advice; and Heinreich's frequent petitions for money (though now receiving the profits of his own talents, hitherto shared with Signor Perregino,) alarmed, and seriously distressed his father.

Anxious to be rightly informed on these important topics, Dofrestom not only assured Theodore that he should have his free consent to this journey, but that he looked on the proposal as a special interposition of Providence in favour of his thoughtless son.

Relieved by this miraculous facility of permission, the delighted Theodore hastened to make his few preparations, and to pour

out to the professor all the joy and gratitude he had before feared to give way to.

The expectation of seeing Heinreich again gladdened his heart; but his highest mental anticipation consisted in the society of a capital, which was at that time considered the seat of northern literature. In complete good-humour with every thing and every body, the professor distributed some trifling keepsakes amongst his neighbours; and assuring Dofrestom that he now charged himself with all his pupil's expences, with some melancholy emotion took leave of the valley in which he had spent nine tranquil years. The sublime country through which they travelled, was a continued source of admiration to Theodore. Autumn, in all countries a season of remarkable beauty, is as beautiful as brief in Norway. The woods exhibit every shade of change; passing from the soft tint of the olive, through the sober brown, to the glowing orange and the bright vermillion. The dales are covered with wild-berry bushes and

underwood, whose profusion of scarlet fruitage, forms at a distance rich dashes of colour in the landscape; while above these luxuriant scenes tower the mountains, whose broad summits either gleam with snow, or with the waters of lakes.

Sometimes Theodore's imagination peopled these mountains and forests with the deeds and the heroes of other days: at other times he gazed, awe-struck, on the solitary magnificence of nature, and felt his own presence amid her awful shades, an impious intrusion.

The difficulties of their route, over trackless precipices, amid thundering cataracts, fiords, lakes, and woods, were to him but so many new gratifications; while Sergendal, on the contrary, suffered peevishness to conquer his natural capacity of enjoyment, and talked of nothing but the danger and the inconvenience and the hardships that assailed him.

He was a geologist; and although he had chosen to make this journey by land, solely

for the purpose of deciding an important question regarding the direction of strata in that range of mountains called the Far-dangerfialle, he was unmanly enough to complain of the trouble it cost him.

Theodore knew sufficient of geology to take much fatigue solely upon himself; and exploring the mountainous chain in every direction, many of his valuable observations afterwards graced the professor's Natural History of Norway.

Having reached Christiana, they crossed directly to Zealand, and safely anchored in the bay of Copenhagen. To a young man of nineteen, the first visit to a capital is always a memorable event. Theodore was formed to discover and to appreciate every advantage of such a residence: he brought to its society a mind already nobly cultivated, and a natural refinement of taste which waited only for development.

But at first every thing fell short of his expectation. The public buildings wanted the magnificence his fancy was familiar with,

in the descriptions of Athens and of Rome: the state-ceremonies seemed flat and diminutive; the dress and manners of the greatest personages failed in dignity and distinction. Time, however, taught him to look deeper; and reflection discovering the admirable interior of public institutions, the utility of certain modest forms, and the real greatness of political men, gave more than imagination had at first bestowed and then withdrawn.

By long retirement, and the increasing reputation of former works, Professor Sergendal brought with him to Copenhagen the attraction of novelty. Many of his former competitors were removed to other scenes; and though a few literary rivals still maintained their old warfare, a host of young students rallied round their philosophical chief, fought his battles with enthusiasm, and repeated his decisions as oracles.

At his levees, Theodore saw nearly all the scientific persons whom choice brought to Denmark. Their conversation was an

eternal exercise of his noblest faculties. In the discussion of important subjects, whether moral or intellectual, he attended closely to all that was said; and, far removed from that childish, indiscriminate love of talent, which admires every thing that is spoken because it is said well, he weighed every person's arguments, and acquired by that means the habit of strict investigation.

The forwardness of several men as young as himself, led them to hazard many crude speculations which he might have formed, but would always have had too much discretion to utter. Men of riper judgment analyzed these chimeras, proved their absurdity, or their latent mischief, and thus gave him lessons in the persons of others.

His judgment, his principles, his taste, thus forming together, he wanted only that most precious part of human knowledge,—knowledge of the world; but this he could not learn in the scientific circle at his preceptor's. Amongst a set so different, that he might well mistake them for creatures of

another species, Theodore received his earliest lessons in what may be called the science of life: they were the associates of Heinreich.

Immediately after reaching Copenhagen, Theodore had hastened to Mr. Thonkild's for information of his friend. Cold and formal in his address, Mr. Thonkild gave no pleasing impression of his own character, while he briefly recapitulated various follies and excesses of Heinreich's. This gentleman was evidently a man of integrity; yet there was in his discourse a repelling indifference to the moral welfare of others. After listening to an anecdote of more than usual faultiness, Theodore asked, — "And pray, Sir, had you not the goodness to see Heinreich upon this, and repeat to him the shame he is preparing for himself, the anguish for his respectable father?"

"Why, indeed, Sir," replied the mercantile statue, "I had spoken to him so often in vain, about little levities of no consequence in comparison, that I found it best

to take no farther trouble." He paused; and Theodore, without answering, made the comment to himself — "Here, perhaps," was the reason of Heinreich's inattention to advice upon important subjects; Mr. Thonkild had schooled him too often in trifles." That gentleman resumed:—

"Pardon me for saying, Sir, that I must be allowed to dismiss this young man from my thoughts. If I could have served our worthy correspondent, I should have been glad; but I cannot. His son is quite good-for-nothing. Excuse me further; I have persons waiting for me. I wish you good morning."

Perplexed between the hope that Mr. Thonkild's apathy might have enlarged eccentricities into crimes, and the fear that Heinreich's disposition inclined him to dissipation, Theodore pensively took the way to his lodgings.

He found his friend just preparing to join a convivial meeting at an hotel, where every gay adventurer of the city was to be met

in company with a few young nobles, whom an inordinate passion for coarse pleasures brought to a temporary level with the rest.

The gloss of Heinreich's shewy person was rather tarnished by three years' residence in the capital; but an air of elegance supplied the deficiency, and the transport with which he embraced the companion of his childhood, gave more than their former lustre to his eyes.

Theodore pressed him to his full, his uncorrupted heart with a gush of tenderness; for at that moment an hitherto undetected likeness to Dofrestom appeared in the fleeting expression of his son's face. "I cannot believe you are changed!" he exclaimed; "I am sure you are still my good, my dear Heinreich!"

"Good!" repeated Heinreich, covering his confusion with a laugh; "not much of that I fear, my dear boy; saints at Aardal will turn sinners at Copenhagen, I suspect; so look to yourself, Theodore: but after all, I am as good as my neighbours; and,

between ourselves, twenty times better than some precise personages who take upon them to lecture me."

Theodore did not go there to lecture; so turning the subject upon the respected friends they had left at Aardal, he sought to revive the recollection of truer hearts and more innocent pleasures, than those by which Heinreich was now surrounded.

Theodore was pleased to observe the readiness with which Heinreich relinquished the party he was going to; and, willing to see his character in the most favourable light, he would not allow his boastful conversation to awaken any suspicion that in this readiness there was more eagerness to display newly-acquired consequence, than interest in the society of his friend.

Heinreich's spirits were at the most extravagant pitch: he was already engaged as first singer at the royal concerts, and had lately received an overture from the French envoy to return in his suite to France. Lifted, for a moment, by the unsteady wave of po-

pular admiration, to a level with peers and princes, this intoxicated young man believed that wave was never to sink. His vanity made him forget that it is only superior virtue which ennobles the low-born, either in the eyes of wisdom or of folly; that talents, without that distinction, may procure for their possessors flattery and transient luxury, but never can buy respect.

He had learned the coquetry of withholding pleasure, that it might be more passionately solicited; but he little dreamt that while his singing, his playing, and his mimickry were won from him by the mixed prayers and praises of beauty and of rank, he was in reality the object of their contempt and the sport of their ridicule.

Their own flatteries, and his credulity, insolence, or airs of condescension, entertained them nearly as much as the talents he displayed: they considered him as an instrument for their amusement, while he believed himself an associate in their pleasures.

Theodore's unprejudiced good sense failed not to draw the right conclusion from Heinreich's inflated descriptions of his high acquaintance: still he spoke not; for this was his hour of observation: advice, to be useful, must not be given hastily.

Kindling with its own rapidity, Heinreich's vanity began with distressing Theodore, and finished by shocking him. The inconsiderate young man forgot how gradual had been the steps by which even his unfixed character had reached that point, in which the admiration of the profligate is thought as great a distinction as that of the estimable; and amongst the various conquests over female hearts which his person and voice had achieved, he dwelt with peculiar enthusiasm upon that of a fair dancer at the theatre.

The lady in question had the credit of being supported in the splendor of her establishment, by one of the two Count Gulderlieus (illegitimate sons of the late King), and the notoriety of her passion for Hein-

reich Dofrestom was so likely to precipitate her from that lofty station, that he believed himself bound to decree to this worthless passion all the honours due to a virtuous sentiment.

Theodore's serious attentiveness gave way to the most animated indignation. "Profane not the name of love, Heinreich," he exclaimed, "by applying it to any feeling of such a woman; it is impossible you can look on her but as a detestable and dishonest wretch: detestable, first for selling herself; and dishonest afterwards, for giving any share of her shameful self, either her thoughts or her person, to you. I can pity, I can pardon, I can love you through every involuntary transgression, through every delusion of your fancy; but if I am to find your heart corrupted, and your very judgment the pander of your passions, I cleave to you, I love you, no longer."

The unusual vehemence of Theodore, the severe expression of his countenance, awed Heinreich into a real emotion of

shame. He began to explain, to apologise, to recant; he had a pathetic story to tell of Stephania's first seduction; of all she had suffered since; of the temptations Count Gulderlieu held out to her; of her yielding at last, chiefly for the sake of advancing the fortunes of her indigent family.

Theodore could not be imposed on: it was possible that the girl was good-natured, therefore wished her family comfortable; and that she preferred her own temporary gratification to future interest. While she liked Heinreich, she could heroically make the sacrifice of Count Gulderlieu's wealth; and when tired of the former, she would as carelessly sacrifice his attachment to some other caprice.

Seriously impressed with his friend's danger, Theodore tried to regain his own self-command, before he ventured to probe the heart of Heinreich. It was not often that he was thus hurried out of himself; for in general his gentle nature had such an amiable distrust of appearances, that con-

viction came too gradually for indignation to follow it. But the surprize, the horror he felt at the unequivocal words of his perverted friend, did not allow him to hesitate at present.

It is true, Theodore was so little acquainted with the world, that he foresaw not all the disastrous consequences which never fail attending such disgraceful connections; therefore he had no prudent arguments to offer; he was roused to honorable indignation by a sincere love of virtue, and by horror at the profligate want of shame, implied by Heinreich's triumph in the publicity of his rivalry with Count Gulderlieu.

The evening that had begun so cordially and so gaily, ended in gloom. Theodore urged every argument that was likely to revive the early sentiments of religion and morality in the soul of Heinreich; while Heinreich, confounded but not repentant, and less sincere than ever, affected to be so seriously moved by his friend's discourse,

that he sent him away conciliated and consoled.

Brief was this deceitful calm: each fresh report of Heinreich's conduct and extravagance, each interview with him, assisted in withdrawing the veil which affection had placed between its object and ruin.

Theodore saw that, trusting solely to his genius, Heinreich devoted but a very small portion of his time to the perfection of his art; that he never sung or played but in the midst of a circle, and consumed his youth, in short, in a life of idle dissipation. The idol of one company, and the buffoon of another, he mixed with various classes of worthless society; and ambitious of being received there on a footing of equality, shared in expences for which he was obliged to humble himself to his real friends. The profits of his profession were, indeed, inadequate to such extravagance, he was therefore greatly in debt.

Theodore sometimes took advantage of Heinreich's necessities, to urge his relin-

quishment of a pursuit which brought so doubtful an emolument; the little he had to give was taken from the moderate allowance now given him by Professor Sergendal, and he once ventured to say, as he tendered it, "If I indulged myself in such expensive habits, my dear Heinreich, where would I find means to enjoy this real pleasure of obliging you?"

"And if I were not a thoughtless creature, unable to consider that sordid thing called money, where would your kindness find exercise?" This was the reply of Heinreich: its levity revolted Theodore; and had it been addressed to another, he would have remarked the ungrateful slight which it threw upon generous prudence; but he buried a sigh in a smile, and terminated the conversation.

Theodore was aware of Professor Sergendal's ruthless severity to offenders; yet fearful of trusting solely to his own judgment, he consulted him upon the measures

he ought to take with respect to Heinreich.

The professor vehemently agreed with him in believing it his duty not to mask any thing, but sincerely to show Dofrestom the situation of his son. He added, "Dofrestom will do wisely to order the young fellow home, and tame his spirit by a life of hard labour."

Theodore did not assent to the whole of this opinion, though he saw the necessity of sincerity; and flattered himself that if Dofrestom could prevail on his son to re-visit home, his paternal eloquence would eventually induce him to abandon, if not his musical profession, his expensive habits. He wrote, therefore, a faithful, yet indulgent, description of the ruin that threatened Heinreich; and having told his thoughtless friend that he had done so, endeavoured, by a mixture of firmness and compliance, to bend him to better things.

Alas! the only proof obtained by Theodore of his ascendancy over Heinreich, was

the degrading one of duplicity: the misguided young man had no longer the boldness to avow either his expences, or his intercourse with Stephania; and the falsehoods to which he had recourse, being often discovered unexpectedly by Theodore, gave the last blow to that affectionate friend's esteem.

At the beginning of the last century posts were scarcely established throughout Norway: letters made their appearance, rather oftener than comets it is true, but vulgar calculation was as much baffled by the one as the other; consequently many destructive steps were taken by Heinreich, long ere his father's command arrived to order him home.

Meanwhile Theodore had much to suffer from the morose humour of his preceptor. Now irritated by printers, now by critics; sometimes by the neglect of one person, or the senseless homage of another, Sergendal found reasons to justify ill-temper even in the midst of gratified self-love. One leaf

ruffled on his bed of roses, was at any time enough to chafe him into fury; and from being displeased with Theodore for attempting to explain and to soothe, when he resolved to continue outrageous, he grew into an envious feeling of the consideration he enjoyed amongst literary men.

The glow of triumphant satisfaction with which Sergendal had begun his residence at Copenhagen, soon changed into gloom. Theodore perpetually sacrificed the gratification of laudable curiosity to the grateful desire of pleasing his instructor; nevertheless he found, that he who gives up to a violent temper, must do it without the hope of obtaining peace; must do it solely from the Christian determination of suffering patiently.

"For what glory is it, if when ye be buffetted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if when you do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." These sacred words

were not often upon his lips, but they were always in his heart.

His temper tried by the professor's infirmity, and his heart tortured by the worthless career of Heinreich, he began to look with eagerness towards the period destined for his return to Norway. Six weeks only had yet to pass, and he would return—return to share the sorrow, perhaps difficulties, of the venerable couple who had been to him as parents — return to fix for life in peaceful obscurity, while possibly he had relations then acting distinguished parts on the stage of public life, who would gladly own him. That thought still tugged at his heart, and made him feel how much it cost to be resigned to this decree of Providence.

He was sitting buried in a reverie on this subject in a corner of the professor's room one morning, when, amongst the ebb and flow of the visiting tide that generally filled it, he saw two gentlemen belonging to the Queen's household; somebody asked what

was the news in their gay world; the answer, carelessly given, transfixed Theodore. "A ridiculous adventure enough;—the high admiral has lost his *chère amie* after all. Stephania Richeman has gone off with the singer Dofrestom."

Theodore started from his seat, unconscious of the action, and some agitated words escaped his lips: but recovering presence of mind, he requested the professor's leave to absent himself for a short time, and obtaining it, he hastened to learn the truth or falsehood of this report.

On reaching Heinreich's lodging, he received painful confirmation of the fact, from the man who served him as valet. This person made no secret of his master's departure with Stephania: he told Theodore that they were gone to Dresden, where M'amselle Richeman had many patrons; that being wearied out by the solicitations of her family to break off her intimacy with a man of whom her protector was jealous, and tired of that protector himself, she had

proposed this spirited step to her lover, and he had immediately consented. "They are now, Sir," added the careless speaker, "half way to Dresden perhaps; and I am to follow my master as soon as I have settled some little affair of my own."

"You will oblige me by leaving me alone," said Theodore: "I see pen and ink in the room, and I wish to write a letter. I wish to think a few moments."

The man familiarly hummed himself out of the room, and as he closed the door, Theodore rose and locked it. Secure from the witness of any weakness he might give way to in the contemplation of the past and the present, Theodore buried his face in his hands, and resting it on the table, was soon entirely lost in a crowd of wretched thoughts. After a long and agitated reverie, his confusion of ideas gradually cleared; he began to recover from the shocking surprize into which this worthless act had thrown him, and to confess that from their earliest years, even in the bosom

of goodness, Heinreich had given no promise of better things. Memory could not recall one childish sacrifice, one spontaneous act of generous feeling: naturally gay and good-humoured, and the idol of the neighbourhood, he could never be otherwise than amiable; nothing criminal in the valley tempted his wishes, and called on his friends to oppose them; and Theodore, by making it his principle of action always to give up his own inclination when it clashed with that of another, innocently fostered the selfishness of his play-fellow.

It is painful, it is agonizing to find the character we love, fallen from excellence to guilt; but how far beyond all the bitterness of such grief, is the discovery that what we have loved, has never deserved our affection!

The soul that was originally pure, may wash off its stains; but a nature which contained the germ of every vice, and wanted only circumstances to develope them, has no soil in which a virtue can take root.

The repeated proofs of Heinreich's dissoluteness and insensibility, which Theodore had been hourly witnessing for six months, gradually "severed string after string;" and now the last cord that tied the ingrate to his friend's estimable heart, gave way, and loosed him from it for ever.

Yet closer did the affection of Theodore cleave to the venerable image of Dofrestom; and more determined than ever, to devote his whole being to this deserted old man, he took up a pen to write to Heinreich before he returned home.

The letter was calculated to awaken shame and repentance in a thinking mind: it was written in a strain of gentle reproof, and with the promise of obtaining his father's full pardon for the past, whenever the offender should return to them with a sincere intention of amendment.

Having given the letter to Heinreich's servant, Theodore went back to the professor.

Fortunately it was his dinner hour, so that the crowd of visitors was gone. In extreme distress, Theodore briefly stated what had occurred, adding, "I had hoped, dear Sir, to have been able to ask leave of absence from home, nay to take it, till it would suit your convenience to part with me; or, what I should have liked much better, till you could have returned with me; but I must never indulge in pleasing dreams: I have been already, perhaps, sufficiently indulged by the permission to make this delightful visit. My poor father will now require all the comfort and assistance I can bestow, so I must reluctantly request you will think of my returning next month."

Sergendal, as might be expected from his character, had a torrent of wrath and of obstacles to oppose to this request; it was impossible for him to return; that Theodore knew, and his work was not half printed,—he had depended upon Theodore for drawing up a table of contents in the shape of

an analysis of each chapter, and a copious index, and now all that labour must fall back upon the professor.

Theodore mildly assured him that he would immediately begin this important and agreeable task: then recapitulating what he owed to the professor's kind tuition, and all the intellectual pleasures he had enjoyed through his means at Copenhagen, he displayed so much candour and gratitude, that Sergendal was touched and became silent.

Something more than silence was necessary: Theodore was obliged to inquire whether he was to make his arrangements to return alone, or whether the professor would provide a companion for him. "You are very impatient, Sir," exclaimed Sergendal; "in spite of these florid expressions of regret and regard, I cannot help recurring to your conduct, and that, Sir, teaches me to believe that I am not the first object of your affection."

"I never sought to make you think so,

dear Sir," replied Theodore; "since I have had the happiness of knowing you, I have felt an equal degree of respectful affection for yourself, and for my father Dofrestom; but I believe," — he hesitated for a moment. — "Go on, young man." — "I believe my first obligation is to him, and that when he is threatened with a dreadful calamity, I am bound to sacrifice your convenience, dear Sir, with my own ardent wishes, to the chance of comforting and helping him."

"Let me hear no more of this moral arithmetic, I beg, Sir," interrupted the professor; "it has a disgusting air of cant and coldness that insults me: I like young men to act from impulse."

An expression in the eyes of Theodore, that recalled the conduct of Heinreich, made Sergendal add hastily, — "Good impulses, Sir, I mean; such as gratitude, affection. If you really *did* feel grateful and attached to me, you would not have the coolness to argue in this manner."

"My short life has been one of obligations," replied Theodore, his eyes moistened with tears; "and I have hitherto tried—conscientiously tried to acquit myself of the vast debt towards any one that has claims on me; if my heart over-rates what I owe to him who fostered my orphan infancy, and under-rates what I owe to you who have given life and value to my nobler faculties, I pray God to set me right. At present I feel with bitterness of spirit, that because I am very grateful to another, you will not believe me otherwise than ungrateful to yourself."—He paused, unable to articulate more.

The professor's heart smote him; and following the kindly impulse, he embraced his pupil. "If your society were less agreeable to me, Guevara, in short, if I looked on you as I do on other young fellows, I would not be so anxious to keep you with me. Let me tell you, it is a distinction you should be proud of, when you

see how I am courted by all the rising genius of the age."

"I fear, Sir, such a circle of friends and admirers will detain you long from our valley." This observation gave a turn to the conversation, and Theodore endeavoured to collect from the professor some instructions for his future mediation between Dofrestom and his son.

Several days elapsed after this, and Sergendal still avoided the subject of Theodore's conveyance back to Norway. Meanwhile Theodore toiled cheerfully over the analysis, and soon completed it. He was meditating how to re-open the dangerous topic, when a short letter from Dofrestom, containing one from his son, arrived at Copenhagen. It was a positive command for Heinreich to set out without delay for Aardal, accompanied by a petition for Theodore to be his companion.

Heinreich, indeed, was beyond the reach of that letter's authority; but Theodore, in presenting his to the professor, firmly an-

nounced his resolution of departing alone, as soon as he should hear of a vessel bound direct for Bergen or Lavanger.

Again the selfish unreasonableness of the professor burst forth, and coupling the extorted permission with a threat of punishing his ingratitude, he left poor Theodore to feel that all who seek to act right, must prepare "to take up their cross."

A marked displeasure continued to lower on the professor's brow, and to thunder in his voice for some days after this conference: at length, while seated in his literary circle one morning, he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke which deprived him at once of consciousness and the power of motion.

This event banished Aardal from the thoughts of Theodore: compassion and gratitude were here more imperiously called upon, than they could be there; and with the unwearied attention of genuine attachment, forgetting insult in pity, he

watched and waited by the sick-bed of the professor.

As soon as returning sense made Sergendal conscious of Theodore's attendance, he shewed an eagerness of love for him beyond all that he had ever testified. He followed his figure with his eyes wherever he moved; he looked at him with tears running down his cheeks, while his whole countenance betrayed strong inward emotion; in short, he seemed desirous to say something or do something that was to be serviceable to Theodore; but, motionless and speechless, he could only sigh heavily and lift his eyes to Heaven.

Theodore's tears often dropt on the deathly hand he bent his head over, as he knelt to place the pillows of his instructor; the dying man seemed fully sensible of this tenderness, and at such times made more distressing efforts to speak.

At length exhausted nature ceased to act, and on the tenth day the professor breathed his last.

Deeply affected by his loss, Theodore required the aid and advice of two or three excellent men who were in the habit of familiarly frequenting the professor's lodgings: these gentlemen sought in vain for a will; one was at last produced by a young civilian who had lately become a successful rival of Theodore with the professor, but whose presence, during his illness, appeared to cause him the utmost disgust.

The will being opened, its date proved it to have been the production of temporary anger at Theodore. It bequeathed all the professor's personals and ready money to this young man; his house at Aardal to the parish for its pastor; a small annuity to Christian; made the academy at Christiana his residuary legatees; and left Theodore the profits only of an unpublished, unfinished manuscript.

More shocked at the unfavourable effect this produced upon others, than keenly disappointed in his own person, Theodore laboured to convince the friends of Profes-

sor Sergendal, that during his last illness the mistaken man shewed visible regret for what he had done: it was now clear to him, and he soon made it so to them, that had the professor been capable of speech or of writing, he would have made a kinder disposition of his property. — "As it is," said Theodore, "I am disappointed a little, but not afflicted, since I am sure the professor's heart did me justice before he died."

In quality of heir, Brandt (the civilian) took upon him to execute those sad offices, the performance of which sometimes soothes real grief; and all that was left to Theodore, was the melancholy consolation of attending his preceptor's remains to their last abode.

It is customary in Denmark to surround each grave with doleful or cheerful shrubs, at the fancy of the survivors: thus alternate thickets of roses and of cypress, of lilacs and of juniper, give the air of a garden to every church-yard.

Theodore planted a circle of hawthorns round the cold bed of the professor, and the next morning set sail in a merchant vessel for the port of Bergen.

CHAPTER IV.

THEODORE'S voyage was remarkably tedious, yet not dangerous; and careless about the dreariness of a solitary journey, through the wild country leading to Sogne-fiord, he proceeded without delay to the valley of Aardal.

It was the end of March, a winter month in Norway, during which clear frost and serene skies render travelling delightful.

The lakes and rivers were as hard and as bright as crystal; the beautiful hoar-frost that sparkled from the mossy sides of the highest mountains, and hung every tree and shrub with brilliant festoons, sometimes blazed with the meridian sun, sometimes reflected the tender moon-light, or was successively illuminated and darkened by the flash and retreat of the aurora borealis.

The silence of the scene added to its magnificence: Theodore's wearied spirit found rest in this repose of nature: the thunder of falling waters, the tempestuous tossing of forests, the sound of wind and rain, and all that awful din of elemental strife which had animated his autumnal journey, were now hushed. Winter's mighty wand had arrested the cataract in its fall, chained the river to its bed, and fixed the trees, like the white coral groves of ocean, in motionless beauty.

"Yes! this is the true home of man;" repeated Theodore to himself, as he felt the alternate glow of admiration and the tranquillity of peace succeed each other in his heart. "Pleasure may be found in the world, but happiness dwells with retirement."

If he judged wrong, let him not be condemned: he had just received in that world two severe wounds; it seemed to him that if Heinreich and the professor had not entered it, the one would have continued

harmless, and the other would not have quitted life repaying attachment with ingratitude.

As he approached Aardal, many painful apprehensions arose: he pictured the expectation and the disappointment of Dofrestom and Catherine, who were anticipating Heinreich's arrival also. That animating expectation, how it would appear in Catherine's preparations! the glowing stove, the newly-burnished benches, the room decorated with the glossy leaves and berries of the holly, the best linen, and some rural dainty for their late supper; all these simple circumstances rose before the imagination of Theodore. Catherine's smiling countenance, and the placid one of Dofrestom, completed the mental picture.

"How am I to tell them," he asked himself, as he entered the valley, two such bitter disappointments? Heinreich's profligacy, the professor's unkindness!" He was now close to the cottage; the moon shone on its numerous casements, and upon

the icicles that were mixed with the ivy around them. All the shrubs in the garden were bright with the frost and the moonlight: it looked the abode of peace — and he was to break that peace!

At the sound of his steps, the watch-dog sprang upon him with a loud bark, but directly soothed by his voice, followed him joyfully to the door, as he lifted the latch and entered.

Catherine was sitting alone on a low stool by the fire, and that was nearly out. On a table before her lay the well-known bible, open, and blistered with tears. She turned her head at the sound of a step, and, recognizing Theodore, uttered an hysteric scream. That cry, and the sight of her altered face, assured Theodore he had nothing to tell!

He ran forward, and stretching out his arms, received her, half senseless, within them. She sobbed; she uttered short and piercing shrieks; and though trembling as if her whole frame were loosened by

emotion, her hand grasped his with a tightness that defied the power of removal.

A sad and faultering voice was now heard to issue from the next chamber. Theodore caught these words: "Catherine, is it our child? is it Theodore? Come to me, Catherine."

Theodore's failing strength returned at these doleful sounds. Still clasping the speechless Catherine, he rushed into the adjoining room, and threw himself on his knees by Dofrestom's bed. The old man grasped his neck, and, bursting into tears, hung there in silence. Catherine continued to utter hysteric cries; the old man to weep; and the sad Theodore, unable to address either, raised his eyes and his heart to Heaven, where he, who comforted all, sought his only comforter.

By slow degrees Catherine recovered her self-possession, and Dofrestom was able to ask and to answer questions. Theodore then learnt, that a letter from Mr. Thonkild had given the particulars of Heinreich's

elopement with Stephania Richeman. That gentleman had been applied to by the creditors of Heinreich, and he wrote merely to know whether Dofrestom had the means and the inclination to satisfy their demands. "No man shall suffer by my cruel boy!" said Dofrestom, with a heavy sigh, "no man but myself. Catherine and I will deny ourselves every thing, till we have paid the last dollar; and I am sure, Theodore, you will cheerfully do the same. However, better days are in store for you; when Professor Sergendal leaves the world, you will have the power to do what I used to do, but must do no longer."

Theodore's saddened eyes turned away from those of his poor friend. Anxious to delay the stroke of another disappointment, he rose in confusion, and complaining of feeling faint from long travelling without refreshment, prayed Catherine to get him supper.

Catherine had lost none of her pleasure in serving others, though the alacrity of

cheerfulness had left her. She hastened to spread the little table in the other room, with all that her cupboard afforded. It was not now as plentiful as formerly; every thing she produced bespoke neglect and severe economy. There was none but rye-cakes in the cottage, and those stale; some dried fish, and a few preserved niurtrons, (a sort of wild plum,) was all she had to offer.

A smile of pensive acknowledgment for what she did give him, consoled her for the want of what she did not; and as she listened to his healing accents, her softening heart confessed its late ingratitude to Heaven, for thinking that all happiness had gone with Heinreich.

The truth had been so harshly told by Mr. Thonkild, that Theodore's milder communications insensibly diminished the horror of the first shock. He described the temptations of the capital; and Catherine's ignorance even magnifying their power over innocence, helped to palliate what could not be defended.

Desirous to avoid the subject more immediately connected with his own prosperity, he proposed parting for the night, in order to give them all repose after the agitation of meeting. "To-morrow we shall talk of Copenhagen, and the professor, and whatever I know will interest you," he said, rising from his homely meal; "to-night we must all try to forget our cares." He then went to beg the blessing of the night from Dofrestom, and repeating to him what he had said to Catherine, retired to his apartment.

Fortunately for Theodore, Dofrestom had lived too much in other countries, to retain the rudest of Norwegian customs. In his house, therefore, each person had some nook, however small, that he might call his own; some sanctuary where grief might indulge itself without witnesses, and piety utter her fervent prayer, undisturbed by the fear of intrusion.

Theodore's sleepless agitation had no observer. He rose the next morning unre-

freshed, but composed; and gently opening the door of Dofrestom's room, saw, with pleasure, that he was still asleep. To defer speaking of the professor's death, he walked softly out of the house, and purposing to return by the usual breakfast hour, proceeded in the direction of the mountains, towards Aardal.

The hamlet, built on a plateau of the Sogne-fialle, was discernible at a great distance. The red tiles with which the houses were roofed, began to appear through the melting snow; but every thing was still; all its peaceful inhabitants were buried in sleep. The spire of the little church, glittering on the bright blue sky, recalled the idea of the worthy pastor from whose lessons he and Heinreich had first received the seeds of knowledge. He sighed over the memory of this excellent man, but still more over that of his misguided friend. Wherever he turned, objects presented themselves that, recalling many a toil or sport of their childhood, made his heart

bleed with remembrance. His walk did not animate his spirits, though it afforded him an opportunity of fortifying himself against the impression of these local remembrances; and, for the sake of Heinreich's father and aunt, he believed himself called upon to subdue even the appearance of poignant regret.

Without pursuing the path to the hamlet, he turned back, and went down the valley, towards the house of the professor. To his saddened imagination it wore an air of frightful desolateness. All the windows were closed, and he saw no other living thing than a solitary elk, seeking for moss and berries, under the snow of the outward court.

This poor animal had been a favourite with the professor; and Theodore recalled the many injunctions he had given his housekeeper on their departure, to let him find his pet sleek and plump when he should return. The creature came to him when he called her; and as she licked his hand,

he felt a tear start into his eye. "Poor Lilla!" he repeated, "poor Lilla! — you have lost a kind master, but I will take care of you."

Having stood awhile leaning over the gate, and revolving many past scenes, he patted Lilla again, and turned away.

When he returned home, he found that Dofrestom had made an effort, and quitted his bed; an effort to which a wounded spirit rather than an enfeebled body had hitherto made him incapable. The dejection of his venerable face gave way to transient brightness when Theodore entered. He shook back his thick grey locks, and held out his arms to him. Theodore kissed his brow. Catherine was busy turning some wheaten bread upon an iron plate above the fire; and she took care to tell her dear Theodore, that although she had for some time only allowed common flad-brod to be used, she was now making a little exception in favour of his return.

Their breakfast was less plentiful, and

much coarser than usual; but it was served on spotless linen, with its customary neatness; the furniture of the room was as shining as ever; and the floor as carefully strewed with the young sprouts of the fir and juniper.

As Theodore looked round the apartment, and felt the substantials of comfort, in warmth, neatness, and affection; hurried into momentary enthusiasm, he stretched out a hand to each of his dear companions, exclaiming, "Well! we have still enough for content."

"Yes, if I thought Heinreich would ever return to us, and forget all that the cruel world has taught him to love so much." Dofrestom paused after saying this; then endeavouring to look cheerful, asked after the health and the return of the professor. Theodore's countenance seldom required assistance from speech: its altered expression disclosed the truth. Dofrestom put down his untasted breakfast: "Surely, my son, — the professor is — Good God!

can it be that he is dead?" Theodore bowed his head in token of assent.

Catherine uttered an exclamation of surprize and concern; and Dofrestom remained a few moments in silent awe. At length he spoke. "He is gone then, I trust, to find a happier world than the one we are left in! — Blessed must have been his last hour, for you most likely were with him; and he must have died happy, thinking he could leave you a proof of his affection, and a testimony of your own deserts. *My* old age — *my* death-bed — *my* son, on the contrary ——"

Theodore hastened to interrupt the melancholy anticipation, by presaging better feelings in Heinreich, and happier days for them all.

"Well, well!" replied Dofrestom, "time only can shew who judges right; for *I* hope nothing now. Let us go back to the other subject. How long has the professor been dead? Who is left to settle his affairs?"

"Two very worthy men are his execu-

tors, and —" Theodore hesitated; "I fear you will be disappointed on my account, dear father, for I am sorry to add, for all our sakes now, that except a very trifling bequest indeed, I am not considered in the will."

"But you are. I have a copy of the professor's will, witnessed by myself; he wrote it and read it to me, and gave it me the day he left his room after his illness." Dofrestom started from his chair, to go in search of this important document. Theodore gently retained him. A short dialogue explained the whole matter, convincing Dofrestom and his sister, that their beloved orphan was a victim either to Counsellor Brandt, or to the morbid humour of the professor."

"So," cried Catherine, "after doing nothing all his life but call other people ungrateful, the professor dies, proving himself the most ungrateful man that ever lived!"

Theodore mildly interrupted her; he

said all that was possible to be said in extenuation of the professor's conduct, adding, that perhaps in their intercourse he had not been sufficiently tolerant to his failings, or attentive to his peculiarities, therefore might have given him reason to suspect the sincerity of his attachment.

Catherine shook her head. "Well, well!" said Dofrestom, "it is not our province to judge one another: after all, it is the will of Providence. I see we are all to suffer for Heinreich's fault; and you, my precious Theodore, that was born perhaps — but that is of no consequence — you must work for your bread, and deny yourself every thing, as I shall do."

It was this last image that made his pecuniary disappointment painfully bitter to Theodore. Had the professor left his property to him, he could have paid Heinreich's debts, restored the dear old couple their power of being hospitable, and still preserved enough to smooth their latter days. But it was as Dofrestom simply said, *the*

will of Providence. None but such as have suffered often and deeply, can guess the power of words so commonly used, and so little regarded: in the depths of affliction, the agitated heart repeats them to itself, and finds calmness, if not sun-shine, succeed to the mental tempest.

In discussing the details of the professor's conduct and property; in a variety of opinions upon his motives, and the degree of indulgence or censure they merited, Dofrestom was insensibly led from the contemplation of his son's situation; and Theodore, contriving to blend with those details many curious descriptions of persons and manners in Denmark, managed to fix the attention, and by that means beguile the grief of Catharine.

The news of his arrival being spread round the neighbourhood, every one hastened to welcome him back; and no one came empty-handed: each generous Norwegian had some little present to offer. It is true their offerings were mostly provisions,

or articles of clothing manufactured by the givers; but Theodore, aware they were meant to furnish the table of Dofrestom with those comforts his new system of frugality prevented him from allowing himself, received the rustic gifts with gracious thankfulness.

No one mentioned Heinreich, for no one wished to shew his own compassion at the expence of the poor father's feelings; but every body burst forth in displeasure at the will of Professor Sergendal.

Theodore had to go over the old ground again of explanation and apology; and at his representation of the professor's unavailing distress during his short illness, not only Catherine but the other women shed tears.

Theodore had not yet learned all that was to afflict him. After he became settled at home, he beheld the rigorous parsimony that prevailed there with surprize; it seemed to him that Heinreich's debts might be gradually liquidated by setting aside the

profits of the saw-mill, and such articles as were sold off the farm, without taking from the aged couple their usual comforts. They had long been accustomed to the luxury of coffee, the medicine of wine, and to various other foreign commodities, annually sent them from Bergen; why should they not only resign the use of these things, but deny themselves the very products of their own garden and fields? Why were the corn and cattle of one, and the fruit of the other, carried to distant places for sale?

When these questions were asked, Dofrestom confessed to Theodore, that during his absence he had been obliged to mortgage his mill to Mr. Thonkild, as part of payment for the sums advanced on his credit to Heinreich: that to pay off this mortgage, and gradually satisfy the creditors of his son, he must indeed live the life of a miser.

The magnitude of Heinreich's fault was now shewn by its consequences; Theodore shuddered when he beheld them.

Anxious to lend his assistance to relieve the burthens of his benefactor, he soon renewed his habits of laborious industry. If he sometimes thought with regret of the professor's library, which had always been more precious in his eyes than mines of wealth, he checked that regret by considering that if it had been his, its volumes would too often have won him from monotonous employment. Now, his only seducers were an English Shakespeare, and a few other books, given him in the early stage of their acquaintance by the professor.

The cheerfulness with which he laid aside those studious habits that Dofrestom knew were so dear to him, and the tenderness with which he endeavoured to procure for the old man a more generous diet than that he now allowed himself, animated Dofrestom to struggle against his own depression.

Theodore's humane disposition had made him hitherto averse to the pursuits of

fishing and shooting, as amusements; but now, affecting to grow fond of them, he frequently walked many miles to a lake, for the sake of bringing home trout for Dofrestom's supper, or gave up his only leisure hour to ranging about with his gun, in search of wild ducks or white partridges.

He was grieved to see the domestic privations to which Heinreich's extravagance condemned these excellent people; yet still more did he grieve for the effect it had upon their hospitality. Dofrestom's house no longer contended with that of the pastor, for the pleasure of lodging and nourishing the way-faring stranger; it was no longer the resort of mirthful neighbours, partaking freely of good cheer, and returning loaded with rural niceties for their children. Those neighbours still came, it is true, but they contrived not to make their visits at the hour of meals; and Theodore therefore never saw Dofrestom's bright look of wel-

come, and Catherine's hospitable bustle, which so often used to delight his heart.

But was this dreary life never to end? Did no cheering object terminate the dark perspective? Yes; Theodore looked with reasonable expectation to the small legacy of the professor.

Before he left Copenhagen, Mr. Coperstad, one of the executors, had testified such disinterested anxiety for his future welfare, that he had surmounted his natural aversion to hasty confidence, and frankly stated his situation. Mr. Coperstad entered warmly into the subject, and suggested offering the unfinished manuscript of the professor to the university at Copenhagen: even the imperfect work of a distinguished philosopher must possess intrinsic merit; and when the writer was no more, that circumstance bestowed on it another sort of value. He concluded, therefore, by asserting the probability of their purchasing the MSS. and he offered his services for the negociation.

Theodore had thankfully accepted the offer; but afraid of disappointment, would not mention the business at the cottage.

Aware that Dofrestom would reduce himself to beggary rather than leave Heinreich's debts unpaid, he had desired Mr. Coperstad (in the event of the university purchasing the fragment) to learn from Thonkild the amount of the debts, and to discharge them as far as possible.

He particularly prayed Mr. Coperstad not to give the slightest intimation of his employer, but simply to say it was a person who wished to free the father from the consequences of his son's indiscretion.

No sooner was Theodore made acquainted with the embarrassment of Dofrestom's affairs, than he wrote to Mr. Coperstad, requesting him to apply the money to the purpose of freeing his benefactor from the mortgage, and completely clearing him from any claims of Mr. Thonkild.

But some months must elapse before his hopes or fears could be ended, the distance

was so great and the posts so uncertain: yet he kept his anxiety to his own breast, and pursued the incessant toil of husbandry and the mill, with an assiduity which gave frequent intervals of rest to the altered Dofrestom.

Catherine's simpler mind was not long of recovering its aptitude to cheerfulness; but Dofrestom, in spite of every exertion to the contrary, seemed incapable of becoming what he had been. If he seated himself for an interval of rest, he would instantly sink into such profound thought, that it required an absolute challenge for his attention, to recall him from it. When roused, he would try to smile; but that wretched smile ill-disguised the pain it was meant to hide.

In truth, Dofrestom was eternally revolving the situation of Theodore: though answerable solely to his own upright conscience for the performance of those mental promises he had made the orphan, he felt them no less binding than if openly avowed;

and reproached himself daily, for having pledged part of the property he intended to divide between Heinreich and him.

Yet for all this there was no other remedy than trusting that Providence would prolong his life till frugality and industry had paid off the mortgage and Heinreich's debts; after which, he solemnly vowed never to advance a single ducat for his son, unless he returned home penitent and reformed.

The short summer and autumn of northern climes passed, and brought no other intelligence than what was transmitted from persons in Copenhagen, who had accidendentally heard from travellers, that Heinreich and Stephania were engaged at the opera at Dresden.

Was it hardness of heart, or was it shame that kept Heinreich silent? Theodore wished it might be the latter, and Dofrestom fondly hoped it was, when a letter from Mr. Thonkild, brought by the same post, was opened and read.

It was to tell Dofrestom, that a stranger had a short time before waited upon the merchant, looked at his account of the debt and mortgage, and had that morning finally discharged the full demand. Mr. Thonkild, therefore, unable to discover for whom he acted, now enclosed a legal acquittal of obligation, and hoped for the continuance of Mr. Dofrestom's correspondence.

It had been concerted between Theodore and Mr. Coperstad, that he should act in the manner described, and refrain from writing till some time afterwards. He was sensible how keen a pang must pierce Dofrestom, if he knew that the distresses brought on him by a son, were relieved by the sacrifice of all that an adopted child possessed; he therefore left the pleasing suspicion to fix where it might.

Happily for his secret, Dofrestom's ready heart overflowed with the idea of Heinreich. He recollected having hinted in one of his last letters to that thoughtless young man, that having exhausted not only the savings

of his life, but his credit with Mr. Thonkild, to supply his profusion, his next ruinous step must be to mortgage his little property.

This threat, he imagined, had given Heinreich an alarm, and had most likely induced him to forget the claims of his own creditors, to save the honor of a father.

Probably, his success had been great in Germany; at any rate, the sacrifice of so large a sum of money argued a happy change in his expences.

Such a tide of present joy and future hope gushed upon Dofrestom and Catherine at this conjecture, that Theodore's passionate love of truth scarcely knew how to regret the deception. He left them in their error; and the grateful happiness he enjoyed from what was real in the affair, diffused such a glow over his person and his manner, that no one perceived he spoke less of Heinreich's noble *amende* than they did.

What a day of jubilee at Aardal was

that which spread this agreeable news! Every artless inhabitant imbibed the opinion of Dofrestom. Heinreich's heinous transgressions were nearly lost in returning affection; and the precious hope that his complete reformation was not far distant, made the Stone Cottage once more the seat of cheerful hospitality.

Theodore's was the only silent joy, but it was the most fervent: he knew himself the source of all this sunshine; and he regained much of that personal liberty which it had lately been his duty to relinquish.

The business of the farm and mill was again performed by servants, while just enough occupation remained for himself and Dofrestom as served for wholesome exercise and employment.

The next tardy post that reached Aardal brought a letter from Mr. Coperstad. As it was written like a scholar, in Latin, Theodore, in translating it for the amusement of Dofrestom, easily managed to omit

that single sentence in which the MSS. was mentioned.

It simply informed Theodore that the university had purchased the fragment; and the profit amounting to Mr. Thonkild's claims within so trifling a sum as to be hardly worth naming, he had taken the liberty of friendship, and completed it from his own purse.

Theodore little guessed how much this obliging friend had really added: indeed he was so grateful for the trifle he supposed it to be, that it was well he did not suspect its real extent.

In addition to interesting information upon other subjects, this letter contained some account of the professor's heir. That young man had succeeded in completing the publication of the Natural History, and was now reaping a golden harvest by its rapid diffusion. He had disposed of the library to a foreign minister; and was, in short, growing rich on the spoils of Theodore.

But Theodore cared little for wealth, except when the distress he could not relieve pressed upon his sight. Grateful for the blessing Professor Sergendal's small legacy had enabled him to bestow upon his early benefactor, he learnt to estimate his obligation by the benefits it conferred.

Christmas, that season of gladness and benevolence in Norway, was now hailed with more than usual joy by Dofrestom and Catherine. They had secretly looked forward to many bitter moments, when their hearts would prompt to give, and justice must withdraw their hands.

Not content with displaying hospitality in all its forms to their own species, the amiable Norwegians consider it a duty to dispense provisions and grant rest in more liberal proportions than usual to their beasts. The very birds are invited to the general banquet: a sheaf of corn is suspended on high before the door of every house; and he that would betray the confidence of birds thus allured, by shooting or alarming them,

would be punished with the abhorrence of his associates.

Simple, yet sublime traits of character! What honour! what kindness! Let the Christian go there, to embrace his true brethren.

As Theodore sat in the midst of this guileless circle, touched with their primitive simplicity, and respecting their integrity, he chid himself for still nourishing the sleepless wish that some unforeseen event might transplant him to another scene.

His intellectual soul pined for nobler aliment; and his heart sighed for some kindred heart, whose equality of years, acquirements, and sensibilities might "resolve into one" with his. In friendship he had been deceived; of love, he had read much, thought much; but he had never felt even a transient emotion that he could mistake for this master passion.

The fair-haired girls of Aardal excited in his breast only such a sort of kindness as we feel for children; he liked to contribute to

their amusements and to see them happy; but their conversation had no charms for him, whose imagination loved to haunt the fairy world of Shakespeare, when alternately he listened to the graceful innocence of Miranda, the etherial softness of Imogen, the sparkling wit of Beatrice, or the passionate tenderness of Viola.

The liveliest sentiment he felt for any woman younger than aunt Catherine, was for Magdalen, the daughter of a herdsman, whose residence was some miles up the mountains. This amiable young creature had been fondly attached to Heinreich; and, deluded by his evident pleasure in her attachment, had believed it reciprocal. Heinreich meanwhile meant only to display the triumph of being loved by the prettiest damsel in the place; and when he eloped from Aardal, left her without explanation.

She had waited and drooped in silence, still expecting some assurance of his constancy, which never came. When Theodore was on the point of going to the resi-

dence of her faithless swain, she entrusted him with her secret, intreating him to discover whether Heinreich had ever been sincere.

Theodore executed the hopeless commission. The answer may be imagined: Heinreich treated the affair as a jest. Directly after their interview, Theodore wrote explicitly on the subject, informing Magdalen that her admirer had never believed her more in earnest than himself, and that he felt therefore quite at liberty to form another attachment.

Magdalen had a strong sense of right: this information, by convincing her the object was not worth regretting, suddenly restored her to health and activity. She considered Heinreich's conduct with honest indignation; and yielding to the solicitations of a more faithful though humbler lover, married him a few days before the news of Heinreich's last profligate act had reached the valley.

Eric, the man she married, was one of

Dofrestom's ablest assistants: his good conduct, and Magdalen's cheerful manners, ensured them particular notice at the cottage; and Magdalen was always so ready to leave the occupations of her own little hut to assist Catherine in her houshold affairs, that at length her society became an absolute want to the good woman.

Theodore respected the dignity of Magdalen's heart; and he was not only pleased to see her happy with an honest man, but gratified by finding that in her company both Dofrestom and his sister found an equivalent for his. She was endowed with a playful fancy, and alternately amused her associates with whimsical images, or well-told stories.

Her secret, Theodore kept as faithfully as she did herself; and he received his reward in her speaking attentions.

With this agreeable addition to their domestic parties, one winter and then another passed smoothly away. Magdalen had a child; and the visits of this little creature

soon became a new source of pleasure to the worthy old couple.

Theodore's natural pensiveness, meanwhile, was taking a deeper shade. As he grew into manhood his aspiration after another country became less conquerable. Norway had been his nurse, his affectionate nurse; but Spain was his real parent. While absent from the land of his fathers, it seemed as if he wasted life, in waiting to begin to live. Neither the original structure of his mind, nor the treasures with which study had adorned it, appeared destined for so narrow a space as the hamlet of Aardal. The unextinguishable nature of his desire seemed at times the voice of prophecy: still, as Heaven and religion failed to silence its suggestions, he sunk into the fond belief of being destined to fix at last in the country of his ancestors.

CHAPTER V.

IN the spring of the second year after the professor's death, a rare occurrence attracted the notice of Aardal: it was the appearance of a commodious carriage on the opposite bank of the little river.

Though not very common even at Copenhagen in those days, a close carriage was no novelty to Theodore; but the rest of the inhabitants followed its progress with all the eagerness of wonder and curiosity.

The vehicle stopped below the hamlet, and two gentlemen got out. After crossing the stream, they proceeded down the valley, loitering to examine the different objects it contained. The garden of Dofrestom particularly engaged their attention. Theodore's greatest amusement had been to decorate it with such flowers and shrubs as were not to be found growing wild among

the mountains. He had brought many beautiful plants from Denmark, which, transplanted to this bleak climate, must have perished, but for the utmost skill and care in their culture. These were now blowing in full beauty.

Their brilliant colours and delicious perfume attracted the travellers; they approached the low fence, audibly admiring what they saw. Amongst the neighbouring thickets, innumerable thrushes (the nightingales of Norway) were warbling their sweetest notes: the travellers paused to hear their song, and to breathe the fragrance of the garden. "Ah, ha! Who can this pretty *bijou* belong to?" asked the younger gentleman; "I should think he must have brought all this taste from another country."

Dofrestom at that moment presented himself: lifting his red bonnet, he bowed respectfully, praying the travellers to walk into his garden. They accepted the invitation. His opening roses and carnations

were not spared by the bountiful hand of Dofrestom; and having led the gentlemen the circuit of his little pleasure-ground, he invited them into the house, to partake of his humble dinner.

Catherine had by this time put on her gala attire, and was curtesying at the door of their parlour. The strangers looked in, and beheld so excellent a repast, spread with such neatness, that they ceased to hesitate.

Their meal was lengthened by a variety of questions about the condition and habits of the neighbouring peasantry, and a few inquiries into the situation of their host.

Dofrestom answered simply and briefly; Catherine now and then added a word, which was always intended to excite curiosity about Theodore. "Whose talent had contrived so many useful yet pretty trifles for the embellishment of their cottage?" "Theodore."—"Who kept the garden in such excellent order?" "Theodore."—"And who is Theodore?" asked the youngest stranger.

"An orphan, Sir, that my brother brought from beyond sea, and has kept ever since. The best and kindest youth — but I am sure you will like to see him." Without waiting for reply, Catherine went out to dispatch Eric to the mountain on which Theodore was overlooking the cattle and their herdsman.

When Catherine re-entered, she found the travellers conversing about the pastor who had succeeded Sergendal's brother, and who now resided in the professor's house. As it had been their intention to pass the night under his roof, they were sorry to learn that he had gone that morning to administer the sacrament to a dying man, many miles across the fiord, and might be detained there for a week to come.

The youngest traveller did not allow Dofrestom time to make an offer of supplying the pastor's place, but prefacing his speech with a careless cough, expressed his intention of passing the night where he was.

"Meanwhile, we will go and see all

that is worth seeing; and if your good lad comes in soon," (turning to Catherine,) "he shall be our Ciceroné."

The *good lad*, as he had just been called, at that moment presented himself. His olive complexion, heightened by hospitable haste, looked like the glow of sunset, reflected from autumnal woods. His simply-picturesque dress consisted entirely of Norwegian plaid; and a little cap of the same stuff, mixed its bright purples and greens with the shining black of his hair. Theodore now lifted his cap, and stood respectfully holding it above his head.

While the youngest stranger began to heap question upon question, the elder was contemplating the young rustic.

Instead of the massy limbs and white skin of northern climates, he saw before him the noble contours of Greece, joined to the complexion and the elegant proportions of Spain. The fine black eyes of Theodore were modestly cast down.

"And this is a herdsman, a husband-

man, a Norwegian peasant!" his observer said inwardly. "After all, there *is* something commanding in beauty."

But the person who made this remark, was feeling, though unconsciously, the force of that intellectual beauty which informed the person and manner of Theodore, and without which even those perfect forms would have remained a powerless mass.

"Attend these gentlemen, my son," said Dofrestom; "they wish to see all the curiosities round."

Theodore bowed, and prepared to conduct the strangers. He proceeded by their side up the valley, silently observing them, and replying to their questions. Whatever was note-worthy he called their attention to, with a modest plainness that left them very far from imagining his mind more admirable than his figure. He spoke no more than was necessary; and as he led them through the natural wonders and beauties of Aardal, they concluded that he was going the usual round of such Ciceronés, not leading them

to curiosities and points of view which had been first called into notice by himself.

Theodore had seen enough of society at Copenhagen not to be certain that one at least of his companions was of high rank: it was the younger one.

This gentleman talked incessantly, and rather foolishly; yet his fellow-traveller, though evidently twice his age, attended to him with profound respect. This then was one of fortune's strange masquerades, where he who should have sustained the part of an emperor is obliged to play that of a page.

The elder stranger was, perhaps, some years beyond forty. His figure was noble, his air elegant to a degree of exquisite refinement rarely seen in northern courts. Amenity of temper, and some passion, so ably contended against by the will that its very nature could not be guessed at, strove for the mastery of expression, in a countenance where every thing else was smooth and courteous.

Theodore would have determined that this countenance rather indicated an elegant mind than a strong one, had not a flash of powerful disdain once or twice shot from his eyes, at some silly remark from his companion. Theodore's look could have reflected the disdain, but he had the enviable art of keeping silence even with his eyes; and when those eloquent eyes were silent, how impossible was it to penetrate his thoughts!

He conducted the travellers to the wildest range of the mountains, for the purpose of shewing them a cavern of singular extent. The mountain peaks were still capped with snow. While the sides of some were richly clothed with birch and pine wood, and others gaily hung with wild fruit and flower-blossoms, one, towering above all the rest, was clothed entirely with moss.

In autumn, the various-coloured tints of this mountain gave it the appearance of a gigantic mass of bronze; but now its velvet surface was bright, refreshing, universal

green. A single spring of water, gliding from its summit, passed like the silver track of fairy feet over the beautiful verdure.

The gentlemen paused to admire. "What an infinite variety in such a minute production as moss!" observed the elder; "I have already taken up ten different sorts."

"Ah! that is the *lichen rangiferinus*," said the younger gentleman; "but I have forgot my botany sadly. I wonder if this is the *lichen Islandicus*!"

"I believe it ——" Theodore checked himself, and turned away. He was going to say he believed it was the *lichen vulpinus*; but, shrinking from an ostentation of knowledge, which must excite surprize when possessed by a peasant, he watched his own expressions with more care than before.

The gentlemen had seen and wondered at the cavern, and were returning home, when the youngest, abruptly changing his bad Danish into French, bade his companion look for his carriage and people, and tell

them where to bring his accommodations for the night.

The person addressed, was beginning to reply to " Son Altesse," when Theodore, retreating a few steps, said hastily, " I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Sir, but I ought perhaps to tell you, that I understand French."

Both gentlemen were silent, from different emotions; the younger from mere surprise, and the elder from respect for the integrity and delicacy which had prompted this confession. " This does you great honour, young man," he observed; then, turning to his companion, added in German, " I doubt whether Louis le Grand himself could parallel the real politeness of this young peasant."

A deeper suffusion on the face of Theodore made the speaker half inclined to suspect the truth, that this young peasant knew German as well as French; but that was a preposterous fancy he thought; and remembering that Dofrestom had said he

brought him from one of the French West India islands, he concluded the mystery solved, and proceeded to attend the wishes of his fellow-traveller.

Theodore accompanied the young stranger back to the cottage. As they walked together, he had occasion to remark that there is a constitutional laugh, as well as a constitutional cough; for his companion never began or ended a sentence without laughing. At the sight of the professor's tame elk running to meet Theodore, and performing some amusing tricks with the docility of a dog, he laughed heartily, and that was natural; but he laughed louder when he was told she had been taught them by a friend now dead. When they reached the cottage, they found that Magdalen and Catherine had already dressed up two chambers for their guests reception at night. Theodore was to sleep at the mill, and Catherine had secured a lodging for herself at the pastor's house.

The Baron (so the young traveller an-

nounced himself) had a childish passion for motion; and having reconnoitred the whole inside of the house, was not satisfied till he had made the tour of all its out-houses. In the act of exploring a loft in a barn, he fell through a broken ladder, and sprained his ancle.

By the time his friend and servants returned, he was stretched out on a mattrass in the parlour, under Catherine's best quilt of hare skins, whiter than snow. She was assiduously applying a fomentation of warm oak-bark to his leg; while the young baron, though in extreme pain, was amusing himself with counting the number of colours in her holiday attire.

Dismay was pictured on the face of Usthamar (for by that name his companion now called him); his expression of anxiety was so repeated, and his fear of the accident proving worse than it seemed, was so visible in his manner, that Theodore offered to set off in search of a person tolerably skilled in surgery, who made a con-

stant tour round their neighbourhood, and who was probably at a village seven miles off.

The offer was gratefully accepted: horses, and one of their attendants, were immediately offered by the travellers; but the road lay so entirely amongst the steepest parts of the mountains, that Theodore, assuring them he could walk and leap it in half the time alone, cheerfully hastened on his errand.

Some civil things about his alacrity and obligingness were said by Usthamar; but the good-natured Baron seemed to take every attention to his accommodation as a matter of course. In less than three hours the acute pain of the Baron's ancle abated sufficiently for him to become desirous of supper. The provision contained in his own carriage soon furnished a splendid repast of costly dainties and French wines; and having made his host and hostess partake it, with many a laugh and glance exchanged with Usthamar as they did so, he begged

somebody would amuse him with one of those marvellous stories about krakens and mermaids for which that country is so famous.

Magdalen's talent in the art of narrating was too celebrated for Catherine to contest it, she therefore resigned the honour of entertaining their guest; and some very strange tales of Nissen and Dragedokher (the good and bad genii of Norway), of mountain and sea spirits, of ghosts and of water wonders, filled up the hours till bed-time.

The Baron began to listen with his usual sensible note of admiration, but, catching the superstitious mania of his company, he soon grew serious and attentive, only breaking upon the *grisly* story with an expression of, "Well, now, — that is singular, — one would almost believe, — &c."

At length he became sleepy, and declaring himself quite comfortable where he was, sent for one of his servants to sit by him, and gave the rest of the party their congée.

Usthamar, as Dofrestom conducted him to his chamber, feeling uneasy at the indifference with which his companion made himself comfortable, without attending to the inconvenience it might be to his host, said courteously, "I am sorry, good father, for the trouble this unluckly accident may cause you; you must perceive that the Baron is of greater quality than he chuses to declare, and you may be sure, therefore, of a noble reward."

A momentary colour flushed the old man's cheek, as he replied, "Sir, I do as I would be done by; I want no reward. I and mine would have served one of the gentleman's servants as willingly as we do himself."

Usthamar smiled, and recollected that he was not in Denmark with a peasant bound to the soil, but under the roof of a free Norwegian. "Liberty ennobles the soul as much as beauty does the body;" was his internal observation. "You tell me," he added, "that it is likely your son

may not find this surgeon, but may have to go further, so that they may not be back till the middle of the night, or till morning. I wish to be up when they arrive, and will therefore request you to send my servant with my writing-box. I suppose you have not a book of any sort to amuse me?"

"A few, Sir, of Theodore's you will find in that closet." Dofrestom unlocked a sort of painted buffet, and stood with the lamp, while the stranger examined the volumes. Sully's Memoirs was the first that he opened; the next was Shakespeare; then a work on experimental philosophy, by a German; a volume of Cervantes, and one of Guicciardini's history, with the Edda, and some of the professor's works, completed the collection.

Usthamar examined them in silence: retaining the memoirs, he turned with a smile to Dofrestom. "How came the young man by these books? Of course he cannot read many of them."

"He could read a hundred times as many!" exclaimed Dofrestom, glowing with honest pride.

"Yes, but not in so many different languages? Here is French, Italian, German, Spanish, Danish, English, and the ancient Scandinavian!"

When Dofrestom assured him that, besides these, the young peasant knew the Greek and Latin, was skilled in Natural philosophy, and more or less acquainted with all the sciences, the book dropt from the stranger's hand. Interested and astonished, he continued to enquire and to listen, till Dofrestom had no more to tell him on the subject of Theodore.

Usthamar remained for many minutes lost in thought. "This youth is a wonder! or rather, it is wonderful to find such a person in these solitudes. Under such tuition as Professor Sergendal's, and with eight months' residence at Copenhagen, it is not surprizing to find a mind, naturally eager for improvement, so highly cultivated. The

most striking circumstance to me is the simplicity of his manner, and the care he has taken to keep his superiority concealed from us. During his walk with us yesterday, so skilled as you say he is in Natural History, he must have practised great self-denial, or great politeness, not to make us ashamed of our ridiculous conjectures. Is this modesty, my good father, or is it pride?"

"I should think, Sir," replied Dofrestom, "that a sight of my boy would have convinced you it could not be pride. He conceals his learning out of good-nature and modesty; he hates to make a show of himself; and he is always afraid that when the young folks about are brought to consider how much wiser he is than they are, they will not like him so well; and he has such a kind, good heart, that I am sure he thinks nothing comparable to true affection."

"I believe he is right," observed the Dane, with a long-drawn sigh; "yet the

ambitious soul pants after ——." He recollected himself, and the sudden expansion of blazing expression on his countenance was instantly withdrawn, and its usual persuasiveness substituted. "And is this youth content to bury such acquirements in a corner like this?"

Dofrestom's voice faltered as he replied—"I have often thought it a pity that it should be so, good Sir, and my heart would smite me if I kept him purely to please myself and Catherine; but I fancy it is better for him to live worthily here, even though his great knowledge is buried, than to live viciously where it would be displayed."

"And why should you think he would live viciously in the capital?"

"Alas! Sir, I had a son as good as Theodore till he was eighteen, and then he went to Copenhagen:—he fell into bad company, and they were his ruin."

The tears were beginning to gush from the old man's eyes, and unwilling to let a

stranger see his grief, he hastily said "Good night," and retired.

Theodore returned after sun-rise with the itinerant surgeon, who quickly prescribed for the injured leg, positively assuring the Baron that he must not attempt to walk for at least a fortnight.

"A fortnight!" he exclaimed, laughing; "how you look, Usthamar!—Well, we must stay here then, for there's no starting again till I can scramble about rocks, and over those cursed break-neck bridges of old trees. Don't I bear the thing well? This will be one of our prime adventures to tell!"

The person he addressed knew better than any body, that even a sprained ancle was indeed an event in the domestic history of such illustrious personages as his companion; and he smiled at his childishness, and his good-humour.

But how was this grown baby to be amused? Cards were unknown at Aardal: a musical instrument had never been heard

to sound in the valley, since the epocha of Heinreich's elopement: the Baron was no reader; and even Magdalen's talent for narration had its bounds; her exchequer of marvellous stories could not be expected to last for fourteen days, if the Baron should contrive to draw on it as extravagantly as he had done the night before.

But Dofrestom had a chess-board, and Eric was particularly distinguished for the ingenious talent of his countrymen, and could carve all sorts of pretty toys out of wood and fruit-stones.

The Baron was enchanted with his performance upon a cherry-stone, and for the first time in his life sat still half an hour, endeavouring to imitate it. At first his ambition soared high enough to make him attempt every thing Eric executed; but finding his genius of a feebler pinion than his master's, he bounded its flight to this single point, and finished by reaching it.

Perhaps it is mischievous to add (particularly as this difficult work was intended

for his bride elect) that Eric's pen-knife gave the miniature basket its last touches, and that even the unskilful eyes of Catherine could detect these strokes of the master on the bungling performance.

The Baron began his confinement to the mattrass with the fear of a famine of amusement; and when released from it, confessed that he had never had so abundant a supply.

Ghost-stories, chess, lessons on the cherry-stone, and the arrangement of mosses, fossils, and shells, (which he employed all the children round to gather, and Theodore to select,) made the day appear short. The moment he was let into the secret of Theodore's extensive information, he seized him to ask an explanation of every thing that started into his thoughts; and although his small mind was scarcely able to contain one complete set of ideas at once, he was never content unless he could lay an embargo upon the whole house, and have them in waiting, with their different talents, around his resting-place.

Dofrestom's natural hospitality made him happy to yield his time to a lively young man, who bore so vexatious an accident with such ceaseless good-humour; Catherine liked him for his sympathy with her superstition, and judicious criticisms upon her cookery; and Theodore, though fully sensible that all this good-humoured tyranny was tyranny still, was amused by so curious a specimen of human character.

Usthamar alone was seriously annoyed, though he cautiously masked his disgust under scrupulous attentions. He longed to be released from the tedious duty of attending upon a person, to whom the laws of society obliged him to pay scrupulous respect.

The fictitious Baron was in short no less a personage than the Hereditary Prince of ———, who had come to Copenhagen in search of a wife. Political reasons had induced that court to accept his proposals for the King's sister; and good sense had suggested, that if they wished the union to take

place, they must leave the Princess as little opportunity as possible of conversing with her intended consort.

Happily, the young prince was born with a propensity, if not a capacity, for discovering perpetual motion; he had never in his life staid so long in one place as he now did perforce at Aardal: it was his passion to go every where, see every thing, and ask every body questions. To while away the time between his proposal for Princess Sophia, and the celebration of their nuptials, it was proposed to him to travel through Norway. Having determined to do so, his next occupation was to chuse a companion; and his choice fell upon the most distinguished person at the court of Frederic the Fourth.

The Count of Lauvenheilm and Usthamar was not only of the noblest Danish family, but in some degree connected with the royal house. He had married an illegitimate daughter of the late King, by the beautiful Countess Samsee; and, after her death, had formed a second marriage, with

one of the illustrious family of Tremouille in France.

Having acted as ambassador successively at the courts of England and of France, he was now returned to his own country, anxiously waiting for an accession of honour from his sovereign. At that juncture, the Hereditary Prince of ——— selected him for the companion of his tour, and Count Lauvenheilm knew the duty of courts too well not to obey the summons.

Of Lauvenheilm it might be said, as was said by Tacitus of Brutidius, — "Adorned with liberal accomplishments, and formed for great things, he was sure of reaching the first honours of the state, had he been willing to walk in the paths of virtue."

Nature had, indeed, endowed him splendidly, — temper, judgment, talent, magnificence of spirit, liberality in opinion, eloquence, and that nameless quality which gives to every other the power of inspiring enthusiasm. She gave him, also, admiration of excellence in others; but she added

one gift, which for ever made such excellence unattainable by himself.

This gift was ambition — ambition of such a towering wing, that it would continue to soar in the midst of lightnings and thunder. His eye, once fixed upon the dazzling point he determined to reach, was never to be withdrawn: he gazed on the bright object of desire, till honour, gratitude, loyalty, nay even humanity, was blinded with the blaze.

Fatal, fatal passion! but for this, Count Lauvenheilm had been the noblest and the best of human beings.

The most rational yet affectionate father, the warmest friend, the most indulgent master, the sincerest patron; could the title of most faithful subject have been added, Count Lauvenheilm would have been perfect.

To the higher endowments of great political and historical knowledge, he added the lighter graces of society. Scarcely three-and-twenty when he lost his first Coun-

tess, who died in child-birth, he travelled into France, not to dissipate his grief, for his had been a match of ambition, but merely to appear as if he grieved; and after a two years' residence there, he married again.

At the court of Louis Quatorze (then in its meridian) Count Lauvenheilm's naturally graceful character was perfected in every accomplishment. At the hotels du Rambouillet, d'Albret, &c. he breathed such an atmosphere of taste and wit, that the complexion of his mind ever afterwards retained the brilliant colours it then assumed.

L'esprit des Mortemars, that subtle essence, which it was boasted could only be found in the family from which it took its name, was at least happily rivalled by the fine, impalpable graces of Lauvenheilm's conversation. He had the rare art of ennobling trifles, and of giving to important subjects that airiness, without which they

could have found no place in the gay circles of Paris.

Habit and inclination attached him strongly to a court where the graces threw their seducing veil over ambition, licentiousness, and slavery; persuading the young mind of Count Lauvenheilm that the first was glory, the second love, and the last loyalty. He left it with regret, for the correcter, but less charming court of his own sovereign, Christian the Fifth.

After an absence of twelve years, he returned to Paris in quality of ambassador. Paris was the same, but he was altered. He saw things as they really were, and maturer judgment enabled him to "sift the bran from the wheat," in the actions of mankind.

His second residence extended to the long term of eight years, for although he did not reside half that time in a political character, (Denmark having become a subsidiary ally to England,) Count Lauvenheilm obtained permission to remain as a private individual.

His second Countess was slowly declining; and, aware that she must die, wished to breathe her last sigh on the bosom of her parents. She struggled against her complaint for two years, and at length sunk into the grave.

The prosecution of a complicated lawsuit, occasioned by her death, detained the Count above two years longer; he had announced his intention of staying till its conclusion, but in the most interesting stage of the affair, he suddenly requested leave to return home.

Rumour attributed this step to anxiety for the reputation of his eldest daughter, whose beauty had captivated a married prince of the blood. Private opinion gave it another cause; asserting that Count Lauvenheilm aimed at the honour of a neighbouring prince for a son-in-law.

Each of these statements was right; and Count Lauvenheilm was actuated by them both.

The French prince's attentions were beginning to awaken the scandal of that profligate, though refined court; and the German prince had professed himself so enamoured of a picture of the young beauty, that he had it copied, and wore it about his person. Count Lauvenheilm had no doubt that, were the fair original seen, her triumph would be secure.

Though he certainly returned with this hope in his heart, he was obliged to act cautiously; for the prince in question was the secular Bishop of Lubec, uncle to the young Duke of Holstein, governing during his minority; attached, by consanguinity, to Denmark; but by policy, to the rival court of Sweden.

Another reason strongly prompted to discretion: it was the fear of alarming Denmark, and forfeiting an honour to which he looked with passionate eagerness — the vice-royalty of Norway.

One of his first wife's brothers, the eldest Count Gulderlieu, then held that high

post: it was a station for which he was either unfitted by nature or by indolence, and he had frequently talked of resigning it. To this golden moment Lauvenheilm now looked: the viceroy of a free and dauntless race, whose country was already a vast citadel! Ambition dreamt, for an instant, of bright improbabilities, but for once Lauvenheilm had the virtue to banish its seducing images.

In this mood, he began his tour over a country so interesting to him. The plan of travelling incognito was adapted to his views. He wished first to observe the character, customs, and principles of the people; and then at a future day, assisted by this previous information of their wants and their wishes, acquire that popularity which was hereafter to be the engine of good or evil.

By his second title of Usthamar, he was so little known, that Prince ———'s whim of calling him so, did not put his incognito in danger; and acquiescing to proceed

without a suite, they had already gone from Christiana to Drontheim by the course of the Glomma and the valley of Guldbrandal, and were returning by a less frequented way among the fiords, when the sprained ancle arrested their course.

At first, Count Lauvenheilm looked with horror on a fortnight's residence in so secluded a place, with such a companion as the Prince; but the society of Theodore embellished it with so many novel delights, and the opportunity it afforded of closely studying the Norwegian character was so ample, that he ceased to regret an accident attended with such agreeable circumstances.

Fortunately for Theodore, both himself and the Count played too well at chess for their illustrious opponent, who preferred, therefore, an antagonist like Dofrestom, that was always beaten. This, and the art of carving with a penknife, occasionally granted them a release from attendance: and when other business did not call away

Theodore, the Count perpetually chose him for the partner of his ramble, or the guide of his short voyages down the Sogne-fiord.

Completely captivated by the graces of his noble companion, Theodore now looked to these moments for the highest gratification. The most exquisite mind, alternately diffusing itself over subjects of taste, science, morals, and manners, with the expansion of strength, yet still preserving its elegant persuasiveness, was something quite new to Theodore: he had been accustomed to the strong, unadorned, gigantic understanding of his preceptor; his mind's eye was used to a sort of sterile greatness in him; but this lovely verdure of grace, and imagination, and kindness, embellishing even the boldest characters of discourse, was what he had never even fancied.

Count Lauvenheilm began by captivating his taste; he finished by attaching his heart. How could such a heart as Theodore's fail to attach itself, almost with pas-

sion, to a man thus gifted by nature, and evidently elevated by Fortune to a height he scarcely dared guess at?—yet who courted his regard with a mixture of dignity and of gentleness, that seemed to say, "I long for your friendship, and I know myself worthy of it."

Disparity of age and rank, by doubling his gratitude, served but to increase his enthusiasm; and as the day drew near for their guests' departure, he felt that when Count Lauvenheilm should depart, it would seem as if he had been gazing through the gates of Heaven, now closed on him for ever.

The Count meanwhile meditated something very different from a separation: the partiality he had imbibed for Theodore was not less sincere, though much less glowing, than what he had himself inspired. For the first time in his life, he believed that, he saw an undisguised heart; and that, without owing any thing to his accidents of rank

or fortune, he had attached that heart to his fate with rivets of steel.

Satiated with the level surface of artificial life, he contemplated with pleasure, the natural beauties of simplicity and truth. There was something picturesque in Theodore's errors with regard to many of the customs and opinions of elevated society: his expectations were founded upon immutable principles, therefore just and excellent in themselves, but in how few instances could Count Lauvenheilm say they would be answered by what he would see in courts!

A peculiar propriety of mind, and that taste which springs from delicacy of feeling, assured Lauvenheilm that his protegée would never confuse him by any *gaucheries;* but he saw that this child of solitude and reflection would much earlier learn the manners than the morals of busy life; and consequently, he prepared himself for some astonishment in his company, at the romantic refinement of the young man's notions.

It was Count Lauvenheilm's intention to offer him the post of his confidential secretary. As it had formed part of the Count's views to make a name for himself throughout Europe, he had cultivated the suffrages of men of letters with as much assiduity as those of ministers and princes. To diffuse his reputation through every country, he corresponded with all its distinguished characters, whether political or literary; and it was not seldom that he felt the wearisomeness of the tax thus paid for celebrity. A secretary qualified to relieve him from this burthen would be an absolute treasure; and where could he find a person so qualified as Theodore?

His extensive knowledge of languages would exactly fit him for such a situation, while his taste and manners would make him delightful as a domestic companion, and his integrity would render him a secure inmate.

Agreeably to the plan thus determined

on, the Count opened his intentions to Dofrestom.

He expatiated upon the talents and qualities of the orphan, and the injustice of confining such a mind to the drudgery of merely mechanical labour. "Did the young man possess only such talents, however astonishing, as are given to amaze mankind, I would not urge his departure from you; but his are talents for utility, and believe me, good father, Providence never bestows such qualities with the intention that they should remain unemployed."

Dofrestom's aching heart, aching with the remembrance of Heinreich, for the first time felt the difference between what is brilliant and what is solid; he sighed heavily, without speaking.

Count Lauvenheilm continued to explain the situation and emolument he meant to offer Theodore, and to enumerate the advantages likely to result from such circumstances. "Surely, my good father," he added, "in the very accident that has

brought hither, and detained here, a person capable of thus honourably establishing your favourite, you must perceive the hand of Providence! In your case, I should consider these things as an audible declaration of the heavenly will, and should obey it as such."

The Count paused, and observed by the workings of Dofrestom's countenance, that he had now touched the right string. "Interest," he thought, "is nothing to a people that have no fastidious wants; titled society is nothing to men who think no man superior to a free peasant; but the fear of being wanting in a duty, is the only lever to move souls conscientiously religious."

Again he addressed Dofrestom: "I respect you for your anxiety about the morals of your Theodore; but I trust you will cease to feel any, when you shall know who now makes himself responsible for their preservation,—Count Lauvenheilm and Usthamar."

Dofrestom bent his head to the brother-in-law of their viceroy. "Your name, Sir,

is pledge enough; I consent; but it is a hard tug at this old heart. Such a youth! the cheerer, the comforter, the blessing of my house! yet for that very reason, I ought to let him go; it is now our time to do something for him, and instead of grieving, I hope Catherine and I shall bless God for sending him such a friend. Well, I pray that I may live to see Theodore a great man, and a good man still!"

Count Lauvenheilm graciously shook the old man's hand; requesting him to learn whether it would be agreeable to Theodore, he went to attend upon his illustrious companion.

He found him busily employed, and violently amused; he was taking his last lesson in the art of making Guldbrandal wafers, a species of cake, in which Catherine particularly excelled.

Amongst the objects of the Prince's ambition, the mystery of cookery held a high rank; and having an admirable opportunity of observing all the culinary operations of

the cottage, as he lay on his mattrass by the stove, he bid fair to rival his own cooks, when he should return to——.

The distance between the rank of a baron and a prince seemed so immeasurable to his eyes, that in laying aside the one character for the other, he forgot that there was any dignity in the lesser; in the humbleness of his assumed station, he enjoyed a complete oblivion of every thing princely, except only that most inveterate of spoiled children's habits, the habit of consulting nobody's pleasure or feelings but their own.

Count Lauvenheilm scarcely knew how to conceal his disdain at the employment of his fellow-traveller. Was his own ambition criminal, if such were the beings that sat on thrones, and wielded the destinies of mankind? Lauvenheilm chose to forget that at that very period, the principal thrones of Europe were filled by sovereigns whose names will shine for ever in the page of history.

In England, the brilliant reign of Anne had succeeded to the glorious revolution under William of Nassau; in France, Louis XIV.; in Sweden, Charles XII.; and in Russia, Peter the Great; displayed all those qualities which command both admiration and respect.

Lauvenheilm would not see, that with so many obstacles to the knowledge of others and of themselves, which their unenviable elevation creates, princes are miracles when great and good; and worthy of pity, not deserving of contempt, when they are less estimable than their subjects.

Meanwhile, Dofrestom went in search of Theodore, who was gone to the mill to take an account of some timber then on the point of being floated down the river.

He found him closely attending to the business, though with a countenance that seemed to say, "I wish I might take time to be sad." The next day was that fixed for the travellers' departure, and Theodore

was to lose the most amiable of companions, probably for ever.

Dofrestom waited till the numbering and registering of the planks was finished, then leading him into an empty wood-loft, imparted the proposal of Count Lauvenheilm.

Theodore did not once interrupt him during his long speech: he sat with his eyes fixed on the ground, and so still, that Dofrestom might have thought the subject did not interest him, had it not been for the sudden coldness of the hand that rested in his, and the raised colour of his cheek. Internal war spoke in this contrast of ice and fire.

He was silent long after Dofrestom ceased to speak. The old man kindly urged him to reply, and to reply sincerely. "Well then," he said, raising his eyes, full of his agitated soul, "I *will* be sincere: I have always had a strong desire to make my way in life by some other path than the present; and I hope it is not arrogant in me to say, that I feel Heaven has given me capacities for

doing more service to others, and earning more satisfaction for myself, than I can obtain here. That feeling would make me think it wrong to remain thus comparatively idle, were it not that your happiness, nay, your will only, sanctifies every thing. If you *wish* me to accept the Count's offer, I will do it gladly; but if you *consent* only, I never can be justified to Heaven and my own heart."

"I wish — indeed I wish it!" exclaimed Dofrestom, grasping his hand still tighter, and looking at him with a mixture of pleasure and grief. "I have thought so often lately about the professor's selfishness, that I begin to fear I have been selfish too: so now, unless I accepted this noble offer for your advantage, I should never die in peace. God knows, my chief reason, since poor Heinreich's ill-conduct, has been the fear that the same bad hands might seize upon you: but I was a fool to think so! After eight months' absence, you came back from Copenhagen better than before,

And besides, at two-and-twenty, you may guide yourself: he, poor boy, was but a boy. And then, at such a house as Count Lauvenheilm's, you will see nothing that is not instructive. Yes, yes, you *must* go."

"O my dear father!" exclaimed Theodore, in great emotion, "you must decide for me; I feel no longer master of my judgment. Count Lauvenheilm has charmed my affection so much, that I dare not believe myself right in yielding to your wishes: and yet, much as he has charmed me, what is that hasty enthusiasm to the steady, long-fixed affection I feel for you and Aunt Catherine!"

"Dear boy! kind boy!" repeated the old man, "I am sure it is so; but we are not fit associates for such an instructed mind as yours. The Count is like yourself, sensible and well-informed; it is natural you should like his conversation at least better than others; but for the real, substantial part of affection, I am sure we have it still, and always shall have it."

Theodore's full heart spoke in the eager kiss he gave the withered hand that held his; but his lips were silent. Dofrestom resumed:

"You will, perhaps, be able to hear something certain of Heinreich. O! blessed would be the hour of your departure, if it were to be the means of restoring my poor prodigal! I would kill the fatted calf; I would make the voice of rejoicing be heard through my house, and you, my son, would rejoice with me, nor repine, like the brother in Scripture.

This pleasing image fortified the resolution of Dofrestom; and he began to enumerate the many soothers and enliveners he would have left, even after the loss of what was dearest. Their excellent neighbours, his affectionate sister, the attentive Eric, the animating Magdalen, and, above all, their pretty prattling child. In addition to these, unbroken health must be numbered, spirits that only flagged at times, and relief from debt.

"What then have I to complain of?" he asked; "I shall continue to enjoy all these good things, while I know you are happy, and acquiring both honour and profit. Well, I am determined to look dull no more; so do you, my boy, smile again."

Theodore did smile, though pensively; for, now the arrangement was made, his heart sickened at the thought of leaving the dear old couple to none but servants and acquaintance: yet they wished it themselves; and Providence did indeed appear to will his entrance upon a busier scene.

One doubt harassed Theodore: was he, or was he not to tell Count Lauvenheilm, that his adopted father was the parent of that Dofrestom who had carried off Stephania Richeman?

The Count, of course, stood in the same relation to the high admiral as to the viceroy of Norway. Perhaps the knowledge of Theodore's connection with a young man whose last act at Copenhagen had been an

insult to his brother-in-law, might alter Count Lauvenheilm's inclination in his favour.

Yet, how to apologise for such a transgression! Heinreich was but the thief who steals from another what that other has stolen from some one else: in short, such a woman as Stephania was common property, to which no one could say he had a right. Theodore justly concluded that it was best to conclude the family of the high admiral would be as ashamed to hear of the transaction as was that of Dofrestom, and that silence was, consequently, the most delicate and prudent conduct he could adopt. Never having told the unnecessary part of Heinreich's fault, his rivalry with Count Gulderlieu, it was needless to caution Dofrestom on the subject. These reflections were the result of his walk from the mill to the cottage. His new patron stood on the threshold. He extended his hand with a gracious smile, "Peace or war, my young friend; mine, or not mine?"

Theodore answered by kissing that extended hand. In times of great emotion he rarely trusted himself to speak; and this was one of the most agitating moments of his life.

Count Lauvenheilm required only a glance of Theodore's expressive eyes, to see the extent of the influence he had gained. Delicately careful of that modesty of soul, which sought to hide even its fairest feelings, he now directed his attention to Dofrestom, by renewing his thanks for the sacrifice of his adopted son's society.

"Do you still purpose setting off to-morrow, Sir?" asked Theodore. "My companion has willed so," replied the Count, "and you guess that I have no voice in the matter. I would, otherwise, offer to remain as much longer as might suit you."

"O no! the sooner the better," cried Dofrestom; "we must have no time for repentance on either side; for I can tell you, my lord, that, after all, I believe our Theodore will be as sorry to part from us,

when the parting comes, as we shall be to lose him. No, no time for taking my mind again."

The Count perfectly agreed with him; and indeed it had been that consideration which had made him defer the offer so long.

"If you think it likely you shall repent, dearest father," cried Theodore, "for heaven's sake let me stay. I scarcely know what I wish. Either way, I have so much to resign, and so much to be grateful for!"

The Count stood at the entrance of the parlour, and looked at both as if waiting for their decision. Dofrestom understood his looks. "He goes with you, my lord; it is for my advantage as well as his, and I shall be more reconciled to the thing the longer I think of it. So now, Theodore, go to your room and make your preparations."

His preparations were soon made. The apparel he had worn at Copenhagen, (which would have been ridiculous at Aardal,) and

a favourite book or two, were all his travelling equipage. His short packing over, he would not allow himself time to ruminate on the only disagreeable part of the prospect, absence from his venerable friends, but rejoined them in their sitting room.

The nominal baron had just heard the arrangement was settled, and was obliging enough to say several complimentary things on the occasion. He then proceeded to ask a hundred questions about the road they were to return by, and the places they were to see, and the accommodation they might expect; to all of which Theodore gave a patient hearing, and suitable answers.

All this time poor Catherine was seriousl and sadly spreading the table, for the last dinner her illustrious guests were to partake at the cottage. Theodore was going, and the whole business had been arranged so suddenly, and so entirely without her knowledge, that she saw it was needless to make any opposition to the plan.

How continually, in retirement and in

the world, is the lesson of submission forced upon woman! To suffer, and to be silent under suffering, seems the great command she has to obey; while man is allowed to wrestle with calamity, and to conquer or die in the struggle.

Theodore marked the big tears that stood ready to fall in the eyes of this respectable foster-mother. His heart melted at the sight; and when she left the room, for some household purpose, he followed her out into the kitchen, gently pronouncing her name.

She turned at his voice, and throwing herself upon his neck, sobbed aloud. He suffered her grief to vent itself, while he soothingly repeated every argument calculated to reconcile her to the privation of his society, joined to expressions of gratitude for her fervent concern.

"Oh child," she cried, "I never thought that I was to part with you too. It was hard enough to lose Heinreich; but you, that I love now twenty times more than

ever I loved him; — yes, if you don't come to good, I shall never outlive it.

Theodore gently adverted to the whole conduct of his past life, and added some enthusiastic words about Count Lauvenheilm's high character.

"Ah! God send he may prove what he seems, and do all he promises! but I have never thought much of these hasty great likings, and fine promises, ever since the professor's will. These gentlemen only like you because you are clever, and any whim or offence may do a mischief to such love as that. Love's good for nothing, and won't stand the push of a pin without it grows out of knowing a person's good qualities."

Homely as Catherine's language was, there was much truth in her sentiments; and Theodore not only felt so at the moment she spoke, but in after years he recalled this conversation, and sighed over the prophetic spirit it breathed.

Happily for both, the noise of a fish-kettle

boiling fiercely, reminded Catherine of dinner. "Well, child, I must not stand crying here, but go about my duty." She went as she spoke to catch off the hissing kettle, and Theodore returned slowly to the parlour.

Never meal was got through so dismally under the roof of Dofrestom as this dinner. Even the Baron's constitutional laugh failed to animate it. Count Lauvenheilm respected the feelings of its artless inhabitants too much, to seek any other diversion for them than what was afforded by details of past events connected with their darling's infancy.

The nominal Baron yawned repeatedly, till Magdalen came in to tell him a story, and the chess-board was placed between him and Dofrestom.

The travellers were to set off at an early hour the next day. Their carriage was on the other side of the little river; and as their servants had already taken their various portmanteaus to it, they had nothing

further to do but convey themselves in a boat over the stream.

Dofrestom and Catherine had no witnesses to their parting with Theodore; and respect for his future patron fortunately obliged them to lay their feelings under salutary restraint, so that their adieus were less prolonged than Count Lauvenheilm apprehended.

It was a sad and an awful moment for all! Neither Dofrestom nor his sister might live to see their darling again; and if they did, would he be the same humble, kind, and amiable Theodore he was now? Theodore, on his part, thought chiefly of the void he would leave in their domestic comfort; he brooded over no fears for himself, or doubts of his patron; he regretted only the great distance that would separate him from these more than parents. But the hope of eventually benefiting them, by honorably obtaining the means of clearing Heinreich's debts, added to that of reaching Heinreich himself through some sure channel, and perhaps

bringing him back to his duty, overcame the bitterness of other thoughts.

Tears, blessings, and embraces were repeated, and renewed afresh, till Dofrestom forcibly unlocked Catherine's hands, as they were clasped round Theodore's neck, and bade him leave them. Theodore uttered a hasty "God bless you!" and drawing his hat over his eyes, hastened to join his fellow-travellers, who were already gone towards the carriage.

At the turning of the valley he looked back, gazed on the dear cottage, and bidding it a long, long farewell, hurried from the scene.

CHAPTER VI.

THE road taken by the travellers was the same that Theodore had pursued accompanied by the professor; he was consequently familiar with its natural curiosities. His knowledge of minerals, plants, and astronomy, served to amuse the Baron, (as he still called himself,) while the observations suggested by his taste and sensibility, interested the Count.

They performed their journey to Christiana without any accident; which with a carriage, and in Norway, was little short of a miracle. The Baron secretly attributed this good fortune to his precaution of regularly sticking a knife in the ground, at every fresh stage; a superstitious rite which he had learned, amongst various other valuable pieces of information, at Aardal.

In consequence of the disputes between

the court of Sweden and that of Denmark, travellers could not proceed to Copenhagen by the way of Helsingborg; the Baron and his party were therefore obliged to go from Christiana in an armed vessel. They landed at Elsineur without having encountered any molestation from the enemy; and a few hours afterwards brought them to the capital.

At Copenhagen they separated. The hereditary prince, (for he was no longer a base beef-eater,) now resumed his dignity; and escorted by a troop of royal guards, repaired to his magnificent abode at one of the country palaces. Count Lauvenheilm proceeded to his own villa, a few miles from the city, where he had the mortification to find servants only; his daughters being at Fredericsberg with the court.

Theodore entered his future home with some curiosity to see and more desire to know the family of his protector. During their journey, the Count had occasionally conversed freely upon that subject; and the

'estimony of the Prince confirmed the truth of what he said.

Indeed, on one point some other testimony than his own was necessary: it was the beauty of his eldest daughter.

From his description of that beauty, and its astonishing effects, Theodore might have imagined himself transported into that fabulous court, where the Persian Princess Rezia turned the whole population mad with admiration of her charms.

The Count spoke of both his children with great fondness, (for he had a daughter three years younger by his second wife,) but it was evident that either the merit or graces of the fair wonder, gave her the first place in his heart.

Beautiful as the dream of imagination was indeed Countess Anastasia; in addition to which, a fortune quite as dazzling as her person, heightened the flames it raised.

It had been the will of Christian V. to give the offspring of his lovely mistress every honour except legitimacy; her two sons

filled the highest posts under the crown, and her daughter had been given in marriage to the most illustrious man of the court. Lauvenheilm received with her a splendid dowry, which was legally settled upon their children. Anastasia, the only fruit of this marriage, was therefore its sole heiress.

Already at the age of one-and-twenty, she had refused half the nobility of France and Denmark. During her father's embassy at the court of the first, she had been followed with an enthusiasm, and worshipped with an idolatry, that was very likely to make her imagine herself too costly a gem to be appropriated by any individual. Be that as it may, she was now in Denmark, the star and goddess of the people; still walking over the prostrate necks of lovers; still free, while to adore her seemed the court religion, and he that fell short of such adoration was treated as a heretic.

Count Lauvenheilm having dispatched a courier to Fredericsberg, to inform his daughters of his return, proceeded to settle

the future accommodations of Theodore. An agreeable suite of apartments was assigned to him, with permission to alter their arrangement at his pleasure, and to consider them as entirely at his own command as if they formed a detached residence.

The Count had already explained the nature of the services he should require from him; and having done so, without laying down the law of settled times and duties, he left their performance solely at the discretion of him who was to execute them. A noble library and museum were open to him at all seasons; and when not engaged with them, the Count intimated his wish that he should take his place in the family circle, whatever were the rank or the number of his visitors.

This munificence of patronage might be called paying before hand; but Count Lauvenheilm read the character of his young secretary, and knew that the more confidence was placed in him, the nobler would be his harvest of gratitude and service.

Theodore was highly pleased with his new residence. The villa stood in the centre of a park, on a beautiful slope, commanding fine views of the Sound. On one side the steep and rocky coast of Sweden, and on the other the woody undulations of Zealand, presented the charms of contrast. Every thing within the house spoke the rank, the wealth, and the splendid taste of its possessor. Books and musical instruments were seen in every apartment. Theodore turned away from the latter with a shuddering sensation. "Oh! shall I ever hear music again with pleasure?" Heinreich was in his thoughts; and the charming voice and hand, that were again to unlock his sensibility to that sweetest art, was yet unheard.

Upon the return of his messenger, Count Lauvenheilm read the note he brought, and gave it to his companion. "It is from my youngest daughter," he said. Theodore read as follows:

"We are all impatience to embrace you,

my dearest father, but cannot return home: the Princess has a sort of masque going forward, which is to be performed on Tuesday, and we have parts in it. You will guess how unwillingly your foolish Ellesif has obeyed the royal command. Come to us, dear Sir, and pray take us away as soon as ever you can."

"You see, Guevara," said the Count, "that I must immediately make you one of my family, by treating you without any ceremony. I cannot do otherwise than go to Fredericsberg to-morrow, to pay my duty to the Queen, and embrace my children; but I will return as soon as possible. Meanwhile receive who you will; remember this suite of apartments are your own house, and there are servants ready to obey all your orders."

Theodore thanked him. "I have very few acquaintance," he replied, "and they are all literary men. With some of these I should wish to renew my former intimacy. There is one to whom I am greatly obliged;

if you are absent to-morrow, my lord, I will employ the morning in visiting him."

Count Lauvenheilm gave him carte blanche for the day; and having partaken of some refreshment, they separated for the night.

Early the next morning the Count mounted his horse, and set off for the summer residence of the court. Theodore, fond of walking, and desirous of enjoying the enchanting land and sea views around, proceeded on foot to Copenhagen.

Of course his object was to visit Mr. Coperstad, who had lately obtained a place under government of great trust, though of little rank. Familiar with the town, Theodore soon discovered the office of his friend; and scarcely having time for mutual salutations, hastened to express his gratitude for the services that gentleman had rendered him.

Mr. Coperstad's surprize could only be equalled by his pleasure at the sight of Theodore; he was rejoiced to see him so well, and to hear he was so fortunate.

"Count Lauvenheilm's protection," he said, "is indeed a distinction: and as all eyes are now turned upon him to fill one of the first situations in the ministry, I make no doubt but you will rise to wealth and honour through his means."

This remark, instead of obtaining an answer from Theodore, threw him into a reverie. He was roused from it by a second observation of Mr. Coperstad's: but in that short time, how many ideas had passed through his mind! Mr. Coperstad imagined his present situation formed the boundary of Theodore's views; Theodore on the contrary, considered every event of his life, and this also, but as a mean of reaching another point.

Fortune and honour were incomplete without a country and kindred: he had brooded over that wish, till fancy had adorned it with so many charms, that nothing but the experience of the reality could satisfy or undeceive him. Turning

to Mr. Coperstad he, hesitatingly, stated what thoughts absorbed him.

Mr. Coperstad was his senior by fourteen years; time and experience had soberized his feelings, without deadening them. He considered the subject for a while, then assured Theodore, that he believed his present situation very friendly to the prosecution of an inquiry about his family.

"Doubtless you know," he added, "that the person who now almost governs the court of Madrid is a Frenchwoman. Count Lauvenheilm's last wife was French, — of what family I know not,— but noble, of course; — when you have lived long enough with the Count to be secure of your ground, it will be well for you to enter upon the subject some day with him; and if he or his wife's family have any correspondence with Madame Ursini, or with the other French persons at the Spanish court, through their means some enquiries might be made."

Theodore admitted the probability of this. "If my father's family were noble," he said, "of course that would be the direct method; if they are not, it will be of no use. Perhaps it is foolish in me to suppose my parents were persons beyond the common rank of life. The uncertainty of what I am is the reason of this folly: when we are left to imagine ourselves any thing, I suppose it is natural to imagine ourselves the best thing we can."

"I would advise you not to be hasty, however," observed Mr. Coperstad: "wait till matters are more settled in Spain. The question draws to a close between Charles and Philip, and then will be your time to speak of your situation to Count Lauvenheilm: at the present junction it would be unwise in you, and perhaps unsafe for him, to interfere. We, in common with the Maritime Powers, are hostile to the Bourbon cause in Spain; and unless Philip were formally acknowledged by Denmark and her allies, I fear a man of Count Lauven-

heilm's political importance could not, with propriety, enter into any communication with the French residents at Madrid."

Theodore again subscribed to the justice of his friend's remarks. "Much as he might be inclined to serve you," resumed the latter, "I do not think Count Lauvenheilm could promote in any way a correspondence with Spain at this moment. It is well known that, without holding any great ostensible situation, the Count enjoys the full confidence of His Majesty: you know, of course, that the King is now in Berlin. We are told he is gone to stand godfather for the Prince Royal's child, but we are apt to fancy that there are more weighty inducements for his journey: be that as it may, your patron cannot act with too much circumspection during the King's absence. Therefore you must not tempt him to take any steps that might cause him to be suspected of an inclination towards France."

Again Theodore thanked his friend for

his advice, and changing the subject, spoke of Heinreich.

Mr. Coperstad's pursuits were of a nature to carry him into very different society from that in which the history of theatres excited a lively interest, but he promised to make it his business to learn whether Heinreich were yet at Dresden, and if he were, to find out some person going thither who would undertake the delivery of a letter from Theodore.

Nothing could make Theodore forget that this misguided young man was the chief object of future hope and fear to Dofrestom; and that he himself had accepted the situation offered by Count Lauvenheilm, principally with the view of being enabled by it, to assist not only the father but the son.

After discussing these most interesting topics, the friends conversed upon general subjects; and many a former day of intellectual enjoyment, passed together in the circle at the professor's, was renewed by

discourse. Some hours were thus spent, after which Theodore took leave of Mr. Coperstad, and returned home.

He seated himself in the library, with intention to read, but having taken his place near a low glass door fronting the sea, his attention was insensibly called off, by the gliding sails, and the beautiful shores of the Sound.

The villas of the nobility profusely scattered along its rising ground, added magnificence to the charms of nature. The scenery of groves and hills so different from that of Norway, recalled it by that very contrast. From contemplating present images, his mind gradually flowed back to what were past: the reverse of his situation now, with what it had been so lately, forcibly struck him: no, with the wonder and tumultuous joy of rusticity; it seemed to him as if he were restored to his original state, rather than entered upon a new one.

The ease and elegance by which he was surrounded, the feeling of honourable exertion, of consideration, of intimate fellowship with a character like Count Lauvenheilm's, all this appeared to him his natural atmosphere. Yet not the less fondly did he look back to that happy valley where he had first learned to think and to feel: with what respect and love did he dwell on the recollection of Dofrestom and of Catherine! He almost chid himself for finding any equivalent for their tried affection, in the partiality and society of a new protector.

As his eyes carelessly wandered over the rich decorations of the room he sat in, he exclaimed aloud, "Yes, dear and respectable friends, it is not for such poor inducements as these that I leave your humble cottage! it is to be something,—to do something in life;—it is in the chimerical hope (perhaps) of one day reaching the home of my poor ship-wrecked parents; of finding there some near relative, some portion of themselves."

Theodore's mental address was interrupted by the appearance of a carriage advancing rapidly; it drew up to the front entrance, and Count Lauvenheilm alighted from it. Immediately after setting him down, the carriage drove away.

Through a side window, Theodore had seen only a hand and arm of exquisite beauty held out to the Count; and heard a voice of thrilling sweetness. Such a voice! Surely it must belong to a soul as finely attuned! He had not recovered from the pleasing emotion it caused, when the Count entered.

"You are at home, Guevara, and I did not know it! I wanted to let you see my daughter. She and Ellesif brought me from Fredericsberg, and have this moment driven from the door."

Theodore's answer was a bow and a smile. "You smile," observed the Count, "I suppose at my fatherly folly, as you think it; but when you see Anastasia, I believe you will confess that it is a privilege

to belong to her: indeed both my girls are charming; Ellesif would be the beauty of any family except mine. But what did you smile at?"

"At your Lordship's habit of calling Countess Anastasia your daughter, and speaking of Countess Ellesif only by name, as if she too were not your daughter."

"Did I do so? Am I in the habit of doing so?" asked the Count, with an amiable glow of contrition; "I thank you for the remark, Guevara — you shall see that I will profit by it. Ellesif is as dear to me as my life, for I loved her mother tenderly; but Anastasia gratifies my pride; and we are such wretched creatures, Guevara, that our very affections are heightened or depressed by the opinion of others."

"Nay, Sir!" exclaimed Theodore, with incredulous astonishment.

"I perceive that weakness is yet unknown to you," replied the Count, "but when you have lived some time in what is

called the world, you will learn the influence of society: like all other influences, it is sometimes useful, sometimes otherwise; and pernicious certainly in the case I have stated."

"I cannot understand such influence," said Theodore; "it seems to me that our regard for persons must be as independent of other men's notions, as our principles of conduct are."

"I fear not," returned the Count; "intercourse with the world gradually mixes alloy with our purest gold. You will admit that we love individuals in proportion to the number of pleasurable emotions we derive from them: well then, if our habits have taught us to find pleasure in gratified vanity, we must surely love that wife or daughter most, whose charms attract to us the greatest notice. I confess this is a weakness, and I do not defend, I simply explain it."

"I remember that, during our journey, your Lordship told me I had many strange

notions to unlearn: I presume this is one of them," said Theodore; "but indeed I must change my nature ere I can imagine the possibility of loving any one a whit less, because another person does so."

"Well, Guevara, when you have seen my daughter — there you smile again! — well then, my eldest daughter, when you have seen her followed by the gaze and murmured admiration of multitudes, I am sure you will comprehend something of a father's exultation. You have almost piqued me," he added, playfully, "into the silliness of shewing her off; so if you dare commit yourself to me on Tuesday evening, I will make interest to get you admitted to this masque at Fredericsberg, then you will see her in all the splendour of dress and animation."

Theodore expressed his thanks and his eagerness to take advantage of the offered kindness, but inquired how it was to take effect from the circumstances of his situation: Count Lauvenheilm explained. Part

of the grand hall at Fredericsberg was fitted up for a theatre, and the other part left for the reception of the court; but a gallery at one end was set apart for a few of those young persons who had not yet been presented; and amongst them, the Count knew he could place his protegé.

"You will see your old acquaintance the hereditary prince," observed he, "but not amongst the performers of course. It is a pity he staid so long in Norway, otherwise, I think, the management of the little drama," — he was about to add, "would have exactly matched his capacity," when he broke off abruptly. Theodore would not shew him, even by a smile, that he had guessed the conclusion; he was in the midst of some other remark, when the arrival of company terminated their conversation.

A succession of visitors to welcome Count Lauvenheilm home, and to ask the particulars of his tour, crowded the remaining hours of the day. Theodore saw

a noble mob of stars, and orders, and military decorations; and stood silently speculating on the different modifications of human character, in different classes of society.

All these men held situations of high dignity or difficulty; they were of course men of superior endowments: but how different were they from the eccentric, forcible personages he used to see at the professor's. Here, every person seemed only desirous of resembling others; and what they said of original and profound, was said either so carelessly or so smoothly, that it might easily pass unobserved: there, each individual sought to start from the canvass in colours peculiar to himself; and conscious that all his value consisted in his mind, laboured to develope the strength or graces of that, without intermission.

Theodore was interested in this observation of character, and sensibly gratified by the generous care of his patron to bring him into notice. Indeed the more he saw

of Count Lauvenheilm, the more it increased his enthusiasm. If that charming character had caught the contagion of artificial life, it rendered him more interesting; for how candidly did he avow error, and how amiably did he seek to correct himself!

Theodore recalled with peculiar pleasure that glow of self-accusation and shame with which the Count had replied to his remark about his favourite daughter! "Surely," he thought, as the professor rose to recollection, "such a heart as the Count's will never fail me!"

From this day, till the gay Tuesday, Count Lauvenheilm occasionally employed his young secretary, or took him about to the most note-worthy places in Copenhagen and its environs. He gave a dinner, and was generally careful to convince his company, that he considered his young protegé with as much respect as regard.

Happily for the Count's liberal wishes, there was in the manners and look of Theodore a modest dignity which repressed

insolence, while it invited kindness: never forgetting his own relative situation, he did not oblige others to remember it for him; but respecting himself while he steadily attended to every usage instituted to evince respect to others, he avoided the appearance of servile attention to any.

His natural seriousness and gentleness, kept him from those inequalities of manner which are the great evil of vivacity. That agreeable quality can rarely be indulged in the presence of a superior; and when we see it strongly checked, we fancy the person who thus checks it, is under humiliating restraint.

Theodore never reminded his friends, by any change of manner, that he was inferior to the nobler parts of their society: being familiar with few, he was peculiarly awed by none. It was only in the bosom of real friendship that he unlocked his heart and his mind, that he threw open the very gates of his soul, and poured forth its treasures with prodigal liberality.

This character was admirably adapted to his present situation; and Count Lauvenheilm well knew how to place its noblest parts in the strongest light; its deficiences in the shade.

At length the expected Tuesday arrived. The Count conveyed his secretary to Fredericsberg; and having secured him a place amongst some of his own acquaintance, left him to join the more splendid party in the saloon below.

Theodore could not fail to admire the taste and magnificence of the apartment: he was pleased with the agreeable *coup d'œil* formed by the spectators: the rows of ladies gaily attired, and blooming with real or artificial beauty, resembled a parterre of flowers; a whimsical fancy might, not unaptly, have compared the gentlemen to hovering butterflies.

Some seats distinguished from the rest, were left for the royal party: in a few minutes they entered. The party consisted of the Queen and the Princess, with the

King's brothers, and the hereditary Prince of ——.

As the last illustrious personage, in the paraphernalia of gala attire, was handing his bride elect to her chair, so different a picture instantaneously arose before Theodore, that with difficulty he refrained from laughter. His Highness, taking a lesson in cooking, crossed his imagination, making the present pomp appear mockery, and his real station that in which Theodore had first become familiar with him.

How powerful are first impressions! and how dangerous it is for the man, whom fortune has placed on the highest pinnacle of elevated society, ever to descend from it!

After some music, so finely performed that Theodore nearly forgot to hate it, the green and gold curtain was drawn aside, and a scene of enchantment disclosed.

All that art could invent and splendour supply, to represent the interior of a magic palace, were here collected and arranged.

The tissues of India, the paintings of Italy, the statues of Greece, crowded the stage. Under a canopy, and upon a couch strewed with precious stones, lay a sleeping figure, covered with a transparent veil. At the sound of a flute breathed by some unseen performer, the lady started half up, and threw aside her veil. At one glance Theodore knew her to be Countess Anastasia.

"Can any thing earthly be so beautiful?" was his audible acclamation. Fortunately his low accents were lost in the general tumult of admiration. Colouring with shame, he looked again at the bright wonder. What exquisite beauty! The forms of those miracles of art, by which she was surrounded, were rivalled by the perfection of hers; and the brightness of the gems that sparkled on her robes were obliterated by the more brilliant colours of her complexion. Her eyes!—how could his bear their abundant light? She lifted one polished arm to throw back her veil. Theodore thought he knew that snowy arm

again; but as her performance was limited to action, she did not speak, and his ear vainly thirsted for that thrilling voice which had charmed him at the door of the villa.

A slighted genius, by whose spells she was supposed to be bound, now appeared, and a scene of animated intreaty and repulse succeeded. The beautiful Anastasia moved with the dignity, but not the arrogance of a conscious beauty: every movement displayed some new charms: — if she smiled, that smile discovered teeth glittering from whiteness, and dimples vanishing like fairy visions: if she frowned, the action only directed attention to the exquisite arch of her penciled eye-brows. Whatever she did, was graceful, because every line of her person was beauty.

Theodore sat in motionless and speechless admiration. It was a goddess — a creature of poetic fancy — a celestial being, that he saw, — it was a something to stand and gaze at for life! No longer did he wonder at the enthusiasm of her father,

though he felt no present sympathy with the multitude of her lovers.

"Yet if her soul be like her body! if it be half as perfect! — and that voice too." — Theodore's eye, at that moment, caught a glance from the eye of Count Lauvenheilm below: the expression that followed on the face of each, proved that the one had watched; and the other acknowledged his admiration.

Meanwhile, the little ballet proceeded. The fable was ingeniously imagined, and charmingly developed by a mixture of dialogue, song, dance, and action. Lost in wonder at the figure of Anastasia, Theodore understood nothing of the piece; his eye followed her with admiring attention, through every action, till she retired suddenly, and a new scene commenced.

A region of grove and glade was represented, animated by a crowd of pastoral figures, adorned with flowers and ribbands. Theodore's heart sprang to the scene: his first pleasures, his first affections, were

associated with rural objects, and the matchless Anastasia, with her pomp of gold, gems, and beauty, was for the instant forgotten.

As he bent forward to look at the charming landscape, the pastoral groupe divided, and a young shepherdess appeared, bashfully advancing alone. Her Arcadian beauty had been left to itself: a crook twisted with flowers, and a garland of pinks mixed with her soft black hair, were her only ornaments. A skirt and boddice of spotless lawn, "laced from the full bosom to the slender waist," shewed the fine undulation of a figure where youth's loveliest forms yet wore their first roundness. She raised her starry eyes, and timidly directing them round, a glow of confusion heightened their beauty, by deepening the celestial red of her cheeks and lips. She essayed to speak, but the sounds died ere half formed: the vain attempt only called forth a deeper blush.

Something more than beauty now moved

the whole soul of Theodore. That blush, those lovely downcast eyes, and that youthful shape, raised an emotion, which the plenitude and splendour of Anastasia's charms had failed to excite. He hung upon the faltering steps of the bashful shepherdess, with an interest that he had never felt before. As soft and lovely as the flowers she wore, who could this fair creature be!

She spoke, and with a thrill of joy, Theodore discovered her to be the youngest daughter of Count Lauvenheilm. That voice was the voice he had attributed to her peerless sister.

The delight with which he now contemplated her, was quickly changed into pain; for as she proceeded in her speech, her memory lost itself in increasing confusion: blushes succeeded to blushes; and her heart throbbed visibly through her slight boddice. Hesitating, faltering, trembling, she looked towards her father, with an air

of distress, then suddenly stopping, and averting her face, burst into tears.

The whole audience rose from their seats at this painful sight. Count Lauvenheilm, uttering a hasty word to the Queen, as if begging permission to go to his daughter, jumped upon the stage, and throwing one arm round Ellesif, carried her away.

A mixed murmur of censure and of pity followed their departure: some minutes elapsed, during which the ballet was suspended; but on Count Lauvenheilm's return to the company, with an apology for his daughter's timidity, and a petition for leave to resign her post, the Queen graciously granted the request; and some other lady taking the character, the piece proceeded.

Again Countess Anastasia appeared, and again Theodore acknowledged that "never mortal mixture of earth's mould" was so divinely perfect. But his thoughts no longer followed his eyes; they were with the modest weeping Ellisif, and as he looked

towards Count Lauvenheilm, he could perceive, by the seriousness of his aspect, that his thoughts also were with her.

When the curtain dropt, and the departure of the royal party released the Count, he hastened to meet Theodore. "I am so distressed for my poor foolish Ellisif," he said, "she will remember this uncomfortable incident long after every body else has forgotten it. I must stay and support her through the supper, so you will have the goodness to return without me. I believe I shall be able to bring my daughters back; I commission you, therefore, to tell the servants so, that they may have their rooms ready." Without staying for reply, the Count beckoned an attendant to call his carriage for Theodore, then hastened to join the court.

Theodore's solitary drive seemed accomplished in a moment: so agreeable had been his reveries, that he was unconscious of the time they occupied. Yet, what did these reveries consist of? Little more than

a repetition of the scenes he had just witnessed, and attempts to recollect all that Count Lauvenheilm had formerly spoken of his daughters.

A vague pleasure, a sensation that he neither analyzed nor accounted for, was diffused through the whole of his ideas and feelings: he got out of the carriage, still entranced in the recent past, and had already gone half way towards his own chamber, before he recollected to repeat Count Lauvenheilm's order.

After giving the servants their instructions, he retired to bed, where never before had dreams so sweet visited his sleeping soul.

At breakfast, Theodore saw no one but the Count and a French marquise, who resided in the house as a sort of chaperone for the young ladies. He was told that both the Countesses were too much fatigued with the exhibition of the preceding night, to rise so early; and so much was he amused by the indefatigable chat of

Madame Sauveur, and so interested by the discourse of his patron, that he scarcely regretted the absence of the fair sisters.

Count Lauvenheilm talked over the entertainment of the night before with his usual play of wit; but when he spoke of his daughter's unlucky desertion of memory, his gaiety left him, and he lamented the accident with a seriousness that surprized Theodore.

What could be so natural, he said, as this perturbation and confusion; nay, what could be so amiably becoming as the timidity it proved? What then was there to regret beyond the pain it had caused herself?

"The ridicule it will excite," observed the Count, "that is one of the world's weapons, whose existence of course you know, but of the power of which I conclude you are ignorant."

"I can assure your lordship," replied Theodore, "it would never do more than entertain me, if unfairly levelled at myself;

but if levelled at Countess Ellisif, — at a daughter of yours, my lord, I fear it would provoke me."

"That heart of yours is full of sound philosophy," observed the Count; "I wish to God you may be able to preserve it, when you have lived as long in the world as I have done. So you pardon me for talking so much of Anastasia! Pray how did you feel when you first saw her?"

"I can scarcely describe what I felt," replied Theodore; "it was something like my emotion the first time I saw the sun rise at sea — astonishment, rapture, almost awe."

Count Lauvenheilm laughed. "Vastly well described after all, Guevara: and what did you think of Ellesif? she is handsome also!"

"She seems very amiable."

"Why that hesitation?" asked the Count, sportively, "and you lay such a stress upon *very amiable*, that I fear you see no beauty in her. Perhaps, I think her

prettier than she is, because she resembles her mother. However, she is, as you say, very amiable."

The Count rose as he spoke, and requesting Theodore to permit him to go with him to his apartments, they left the room together. "Now we speak of business," said he, as they entered Theodore's little study. Giving him a parcel of letters, he proceeded to explain the matter, and the stile of the various answers they required. Many of their subjects were solely matters of general interest; but a few were of a more private nature, and some were from persons in the suite of the King at Berlin. One letter the Count took from the bundle, saying, he must answer that himself: it was from the King. His Majesty had distinguished him by the command of sending information of all that passed at court; and Count Lauvenheilm was so perfect in the agreeable art of embellishing trifles, and softening faults, that Frederick could not have made a happier choice.

State business required the Count's attendance at the council. Theodore evidently saw that much serious matter occupied his mind. "I am now going to town," said the Count, "you will not see me again till dinner, and if I am detained beyond that hour, I must get Madame Sauveur to present you to my daughters. By the way, I have never asked you if you are out of money. You will find a thousand wants here, that you had not in Norway; therefore, pray let me anticipate our arrangement for the year."

He put a purse into Theodore's hand as he spoke, and was gliding away, when the tremor of the hand that detained his, and the amiable confusion of Theodore's looks, stayed his departure.

"Why that painful glow, my dear Guevara?" he asked. "I hope you have too much regard for me, to consider this in any other way than you would if it were done by the good old man at Aardal."

There are some fortunate persons so

formed to inspire love, that the very friendships they excite, partakes of that rapturous sentiment: Count Lauvenheilm was thus happily endowed. At the expression of "My dear Guevara," now used by him for the first time, Theodore's agitated looks shewed that his impulse was to throw himself at the Count's feet: but ever in the habit of silencing the expression of his sensibility, he checked himself, and faultered out a few words of thanks and reluctance.

"If you knew the comfort you are to me," said the Count, "the assistance that I foresee I shall derive from your admirable talents and industry, you would find the obligation is all on my side. Surely, you like me well enough to let me do all I can to prove this!"

"Oh, my Lord," replied Theodore, "could you see my heart, you would in your turn leave me the delight of paying you voluntary service. What would be my joy if I might devote myself to you, with the consciousness of doing it freely?"

"And do you not do it freely, my dear Guevara?" asked the Count, with redoubled kindness; "I know you do. Come, come, this fastidious delicacy must be got rid of. Social life is a chain of obligations; we are all obliged one way or another:—I to my king, that I may serve you;—you to me, that you may serve somebody else."

"Indeed, you are right, my Lord," answered Theodore; (and respect only kept him from using the epithet the Count had applied to him.) "I should be tempted still to struggle against your goodness, were it not for another's sake."

"That other is not some pretty girl at Aardal, I hope," said the Count, rather gaily.

This was one of those rare moments in which the fullness of Theodore's heart burst its flood-gates: he could not resist the opportunity of avowing his connection with Heinreich Dofrestom; and he did so, without mentioning the High Admiral.

Count Lauvenheilm listened to the hurried detail, with the calm attention of one who knows himself in possession of the means to relieve the distress he listens to. Theodore left every thing untold that could confer honour upon himself; but the Count had penetration to discover that something of that sort was left untold. He was touched by the conduct of Theodore: it was evident the young man had staid in obscurity while he believed it the surest way of aiding Dofrestom in his attempt to discharge the debts of his prodigal; and had left it when a quicker path to the same end was opened before him.

"Now we understand each other completely," said the Count, "let us come to an amicable compromise. I will let you have your way, if you will let me have mine: this party-wall of salary and service shall be thrown down; but upon these conditions,—I take upon me to cancel this unfortunate young man's debts—not a word of opposition—and you shall never hear

another sentence from me on the subject of income. The people who serve me with those fifty thousand trifles one wants every day for covering, convenience, &c. shall have my orders to receive yours; and all that you will then be forced to do with that horrible *monster Money*, will be to keep the purse I have just given you for accidental expences. Now from this moment the subject is ended between us."

"O, my Lord!" exclaimed Theodore, "how am I to repress the gratitude, affection, enthusiasm, which —— respect feebly opposes the expression of so many feelings."

"Affection includes every thing that I want, Guevara," said the Count. "You must have the goodness to give me a memorandum of the young man's creditors, and to-morrow you may write and tell his father they are all silenced."

"You were born to be a sovereign, my Lord," exclaimed Theodore. A look of transport lightened from the face of the

Count: Theodore had touched the master-spring of his soul. "Be those words prophetic!" he almost replied; but, abruptly checking himself, he squeezed his protegé's hand with a force that surprised while it flattered him.

Lauvenheilm recovered from his strong emotion with a winning smile. "You forget," he said, "that I am only paying my own debts and those of the prince, for two weeks of lavish hospitality and unwearied attention. Although that good man at Aardal refused accepting any equivalent when we left him, I came away determined to find out some mode of obliging him in return."

The Count had not, however, quitted Aardal without liberally rewarding the small houshold of Dofrestom; and the Prince, at his suggestion, had left in his apartment a small purse of gold ducats, addressed to Catherine.

Theodore was already provided with the list of Heinreich's creditors: Dofrestom's pains had much diminished the magnitude

of their claims; and though the sum total was really great, to a man of Count Lauvenheilm's fortune it seemed a trifle. Having obtained the list, he bade Theodore farewell for the morning. Neither of them had once mentioned the Admiral or Stephanie: by the improper person with whom Heinreich had eloped, the Count understood who was meant; and he clearly saw, by Theodore's fluctuating colour while he spoke of that person, that he knew the worthless protector had been his brother-in-law.

Theodore was no sooner left alone, than he hastened to communicate to his beloved friends at Aardal, not only the particulars of his present residence, but the details of this interesting morning; adding to such joyful communication the assurance that he would write the same to Heinreich, and make it his business to get the letter conveyed by some one that would deliver it himself.

"Perhaps (he thought) were poor Hein-

reich conscious that no claims exist against against him, he might return. Surely it is impossible for him to continue long attached to so depraved a woman: the recollection of his dear old father must pierce him with remorse."

Having relieved his heart of its delightful weight of gratitude, by eloquently dwelling on the character of him who had thus loaded it with benefits, he turned, full of that sweet serenity which belongs to true happiness, to the execution of his task for the day.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

The Reader is earnestly requested to correct the different errors, from the errata, before perusal of the work:—

Page 1. For "wild beasts alone" read "wild beasts only."
2. For "naval objects" read "rural objects."
4. For "manly people" read "active people."
5. For "groan for his native land" read "yearn, &c."
47. For "what is your honour?" read "what is your power?"
77. For "mostly all" read "nearly all."
83. For "Fardangerfialle" read "Hardanger-fialle."
91. and wherever else the name occurs, for "Count Gulderlieu" read "Count Guldenlieu."
101. and throughout, for "Stephania Richeman" read "Stephanie Richemar."
117. For "continued harmless" read "continued blameless."
152. For "a careless cough" read "careless laugh."
169. For "contrive to draw" read "continue to draw."
175. For "du Rambouillet" read "de, &c."
180. For "Glomma" read "Glomme."
185. For "amaze mankind" read "amuse mankind."
225. For "generally careful" read "generously careful."